

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLII. No. 1

MONTREAL, JANUARY 5, 1906.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Wm Brouncombe 3.05M



Before the Mountains Were Brought Forth, Even From Everlasting to Everlasting Thou Art God.

A Deferred Call.

(Bertha Gerneaux Woods, in the 'Congregationalist'.)

It was at the close of the mission meeting. A pause had followed some pleading word of the young leader, and then all eyes had turned to the solitary figure that rose in response. It was a young woman, and the hands that clutched nervously at the bench in front were red and coarsened with work. Just an instant she stood, then dropped back into her seat, her weak little chin seeming to lose itself in the not very fresh neck ribbon.

'Nearer, my God, to thee.' What tenderness and love the girl in white seemed to put into that little piano! Then, as the soft soprano voice rose, the woman hid her face in her hands.

A few minutes more and the room was almost empty. Arabella was alone with the young man who led the meeting, the girl in white and the rough-spoken, but kindly, superintendent of the mission.

She looked at them with a little hysterical laugh and eyes reddened by gathering tears. The cheap red roses on her hat shook in unison with her quickened breathing. Just what had moved her to rise

she could hardly have told. She only knew she was shaken by this strange, new emotion. Perhaps mixed with it was a bit of almost unconscious elation at the nearness of this tall, slim creature in white, whom she had sometimes passed on the street with half-envious admiration, feeling to what a different, unattainable world she belonged.

Now the fair, high-bred face was looking into hers with tender solicitude, but there was a touch of embarrassment in it, too. The young leader of the meeting said something to her in a low tone, and then they all knelt, and each in turn prayed for Arabella. The superintendent came first. He was a 'convert' of the mission himself, and his words came with great earnestness. Then the young leader of the meeting prayed, and, after a few moments' pause, the girl in white, in a hurried, embarrassed voice, that told of unaccustomed effort. Arabella, who had waited tremblingly for that one soft voice, hid her face in her red, beringed hands with a quick, choking sob, and in the silence that followed the soft prayer of the girl in white she prayed for herself in a voiceless way. There was a strange mixture in her mind of the vague and the real, and her heart, reaching out faintly to the unseen Presence, at the same time

clung to the sweet nearness of the seen.

They all took her hand as they arose, and the girl in white held it for a moment, touched by the wistfulness in the reddened eyes. 'I'm coming to see you,' she said, impulsively, 'sometime this week, if you'll tell me where you live,' and in a moment more Arabella had slipped quickly out into the warm summer night.

The young man who had led the meeting and the girl in white walked slowly homeward.

'You won't forget to go to see her, will you?' he said, rather insistently; 'it is so easy for one to slip away like that, and you could see that she was all nervous and overwrought to-night. Yes, of course, it was perfectly genuine, but I don't imagine any of her impressions are very deep ones—with that sort of a face. She is one of those who need to be looked after and encouraged.'

'Yes,' the girl assented, 'of course I'll go to see her.' Somehow she was feeling miserably tired and shaken, and under it all was a little irritation that she had been so wrought upon in that mission meeting. It was a close, unrefreshing air that blew from the heated asphalt. Squalid families were gathered on the sidewalk in front of their wretched

dwellings, and bare-footed children, knowing no other playground, chased each other over the heated bricks. A clam man drew up his cart under one of the dirty gas lamps, and was speedily surrounded by boisterous children fortunate enough to have a copper clasped in their grimy little fingers. Now and then a rasping voice from the wooden chairs on the pavement called out a command or threat, or a small, wailing voice from an inner room told the whereabouts of some tiny struggler for existence.

A sharp-faced little cripple was making his toilsome way down the street, his whole attitude drooping and dejected. They could hear his hoarse breathing as they passed. What a world it was, thought the girl, and clinched her hand till the nails pressed painfully into her palm.

'Do let's walk faster,' she said, almost irritably; 'I want to get home and this air chokes me.'

He glanced at her in surprise, and a few moments later they had passed into another street, a narrow and very humble one, but the fragrance of honeysuckle came to them from fences hidden by the thick greenery, and the tinkle of an old piano floated to their ears.

'There!' she said, 'this is a little better, isn't it? That girl lives somewhere on this street—only a block further up. Poor thing, I won't forget about her.' Then, in a moment, 'I came perilously near being cross a few minutes ago, didn't I? But it wears ~~we~~ all out to see unhappy people.'

* * * *

It was the second week after that evening at the mission, and it was Saturday.

In the hot little 'parlor' on a narrow street Arabella sat stiffly upright. 'She's had time to miss me,' she was saying to herself. 'She's got my number, and two weeks ain't long enough to forget all about a person.' There was bitterness in her thought, but under it all a wistful, hurt feeling. 'I guess she'll come to-night when she sees I ain't there,' she assured herself; 'why, she—she prayed for me.' She had not yet gotten over the wonder of it. 'She'll likely be along after the meeting—her and her beau.'

Her eyes roved again over the stiff, tawdry little room which she had put in such careful order.

The bell rang shrilly. 'That can't be her,' she whispered, as she hurried to the door, and they were two very different faces that met hers—high-colored faces under flaunting hats, not bad, but weak and silly.

'Well, Bella,' they said, in noisy greeting; and then, 'where've you kep' yourself? We ain't seen you for an age.'

Arabella murmured some answer, not very audibly.

'We're gettin' up a party for Webber's Garden,' one of them continued; 'we want you to go along. Jim an' Charley 're goin', and—there comes Will now. We was to meet him here.' They laughed gayly in Arabella's face as a young man in a plaid suit came up the low steps. 'Come right in,' they called out, 'she's to home.'

He accepted the invitation, hurrying up to Arabella's side with the exaggerated low bow that she had often found so fascinating. Why was it that he and these two girls seemed somehow different now? The young man in the plaid suit fingered his showy gilt chain and scrutinized her closely under that outward air of easy carelessness, while he told her the evening's plans. 'You'll come, won't you?' he said. 'The music was real good last Saturday, but you took such a notion against going. What ailed you, anyway?'

'It's—it's Saturday night,' faltered Arabella.

'Well—what if it is?'

'But we—we stay so late—it's morning before it's over, and to-morrow's Sunday.'

'Well, I declare,' said one of the gayly dressed girls, 'what if it is? Your wings ain't sproutin', are they?' And Arabella joined helplessly in the laugh following this sally, while the young man in the plaid suit looked at her with puzzled eyes.

He hitched his chair a little nearer. 'You'd better come along,' he said; 'it'll be real nice, and it won't be a bit pleasant without you.'

'Well, I like that,' and the women callers giggled, but with evident amusement, and with a consoling vision of 'Jim an' Charley' doubtless looming up in the background.

THIS WEEK'S LIST of Subscribers Securing Our Daily Jubilee Award.

Probably none of those securing these awards expect them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. These letters are being reproduced in our columns.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the 'Witness.' In another place will be found the special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

THIS WEEK'S LIST.

The list of successful club raisers for last week, with the amount of subscriptions each sent in is as follows:—

Dec. 18th, Monday, Jas. Tait, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	\$ 6.00
Dec. 19th, Tuesday, Addie Gillespie, Millbank, Ont.	5.55
Dec. 20th, Wednesday, Lloyd Stewart, Carleton Place, Ont.	6.00
Dec. 21st, Thursday, Janet Fisher, Maxville, Ont.	38.00
Dec. 22nd, Friday, Geo. Inch, Fredericton, N.B.	7.30
Dec. 23rd, Saturday, Wm. Cross, Winnipeg, Man.	12.58

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles free, besides their commission.

(Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the "Northern Messenger," or from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer.)

Who will be the successful subscribers for next week? The smallness of the amounts sent in should encourage others to go and do likewise or a little better.

MORE PLEASANT SURPRISES.

Trenton, Ont., Dec. 15.

Dear Sirs,—I appreciate very much the splendid Bible premium for the small club I obtained for the 'Witness.' What I did was simply as a well wisher for your publications.

Very truly yours,

W. H. AUSTIN.

High School, Port Perry, Ont.,

Dec. 16 1905.

Gentlemen,—I owe you an apology for my remissness in acknowledging the re-

ceipt of the beautiful and valuable Bible you were kind enough to send me. I commenced to read the 'Weekly Witness' fifty-one years ago last September and I have been a constant reader since. It would not be easy for me to tell what I owe to the 'Witness' and I am very glad to see that it has reached its sixtieth year in undiminished vigor and prosperity.

Thanking you again for your very valuable present,

I remain, yours sincerely,

D. McBRIDE.

Arabella made one more helpless effort. 'I—I can't decide right off,' she said; 'I was expecting somebody—a lady,' with a glance at the young man in the plaid suit. 'Can't you come round just a little after nine, and if—if she ain't come—then I'll go.'

The other girls looked at him and laughed. 'Seeing it's a lady, I guess you won't mind leaving it that way, will you?'

'No,' he said, but glancing at her a little doubtfully, 'that's the way we'll leave it,' and, under cover of the giggles of the two damsels, who preceded him down the steps, he added: 'Now, don't go back on it, Bella,' and his face was bent anxiously toward her for an instant.

'All right,' she said, and then the door was shut and her friends went up the street, the girls still giggling, but a little of the jauntiness seemed to have departed from the young man in the plaid suit. Arabella, looking from the window, could see them jostling him fastidiously, and once a high pitched, rallying laugh floated back to her.

She looked at the clock on the shelf. They must be about half through the meeting at the mission now. Did they miss her, she wondered, and was any one praying for her to-night? She guessed not, it all seemed so sort of far away now—all she had felt in the mission room two weeks ago. 'I guess I wasn't inverted,' she said to herself, 'only sort of wanted to be, and—and—but I ain't a-goin' again. Some way I don't want to unless she asks me to.'

Several blocks away, too far from her to hear it, they were singing 'Throw out the life-line,' and a girl in white moved restlessly on the hard bench. 'When I come back in the fall I'll go,' she said, 'I know I ought not to have put it off, but—of course I won't have time now before I leave.'

Arabella sat at the open window all those minutes after nine o'clock. She was watching the people as they passed under the sickly light of the street lamp. Once she caught her breath sharply as a slender white figure turned the corner on the opposite side of the street. She was only vaguely conscious of all that pretty grace and purity meant to her; she merely knew that she held her breath while she waited. The girl was with another man to-night. 'She must have more'n

one beau,' thought Arabella. They were going very slowly down the street; once the girl's eyes turned for an instant toward the little house where Arabella sat in the window, but—she passed on.

Just a few minutes later and the garden party were at Arabella's door.

'Yes,' she said, 'I'm a-comin', just wait till I get my hat.'

And the young man in the plaid suit looked after her curiously, there was such a high, hard note in her voice.

Our New Serial Story.

'Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.' This most interesting and instructive story as our readers will have noticed was commenced in last week's issue. We hope our readers will pass the 'Messenger' on to others to read the story. New subscribers will receive the back numbers while they last.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

The Marvey Union S.S., per Mr. E. McTavish, Marney, Man., \$31.00; A. B. T., Dumbarton, \$2.00; Mrs. J. E. W., Mystic, \$1.00; Mrs. J. M. Kitley, Moorefield, \$2.00; A. M. Boosey, Embro, \$1.20; Roy E. Elmers, Richmond, \$2.00; The Misses M. A. and H. M. Dickinson, Bell Ewart, \$3.80; Mrs. A. A. Shaw and family, Nanton, Alta., \$2.00; Mr. Freddie and Miss Kathleen Seafoot, Maraville, 20c.; M. A., U., Ont., 20c.; Wilfred G. Denar, Denar's Mills, N. S., 25c.; total, \$45.65.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright, by special arrangement with the National Temperance Society and Publication House, who hold the American Copyright.)

(Continued.)

'I'm careful about my eating,' he remarked. 'I like fodder kept in good sweet air. I don't take to cellars nor yet to refrigerators. They give goud a taste that isn't natural—a kind of mixedness not fit for humans.' Then being comfortably established on his carpet-bag, Rasmus continued to hold forth. A man's health, brother, depends on what he puts into his mouth. If he puts in too little, he's weakly in the back and legs; if he puts in too much he's likely to die of 'plexy. If he puts in onhealthy truck, he'll turn onhealthy himself, which ain't to be indulged in by a tramping man. A man with a home, good bed, money in the bank, and somebody to wait on him, may allow himself to get sick, and call it a kind of a winter picnic; but a tramping man belongs nowhere. If he falls ill he has to go to the hospital or the poor-house; and which ever it is takes him in be-grudges him as not belonging to their detstrict.'

'You don't look as if ever you'd be ill,' said the boy, openly admiring the herculean build of Rasmus.

'I'm rarely healthy,' admitted the tramp.

'Mr. Andrews used to say that about health was the salary given by a good conscience,' said the boy.

'Sounds well,' said Rasmus, 'but wot's conscience agin?'

'Conscience? Why, don't you know what conscience is? Conscience is—doing what you ought to do—I mean, it's knowing what's proper, and then doing it.'

This boy was not born for a mental philosopher: he was shockingly bad at definition. Rasmus was more prompt, if no clearer. He retorted: 'Why, now, pardner, I call that my grit.'

The boy began to muse, perhaps on this definition of conscience, perhaps on the rising of the river. His handsome, delicate face took a mournful expression, and Rasmus honestly bent on cheering him, went on. 'Now, this is what I call comfortable. Plenty to eat, plenty to drink, good fresh air; nobody to interfere with you. How do you find yourself, pal?'

'How ever are you to get off this?' cried the boy, dolefully.

'Why, lad! we've just got on! Variety is the seasoning of life, and I've had a cheerful variety this morning—a yacht, a house, and a sycamore tree. We are as comfortable as crows in a corn-field.'

'How can you be so jolly?' snapped his comrade.

'I let lodgings to fun in my upper story,' said the tramp, genially; 'if I hadn't I'd been dead long ago. I think I'll tie this red kercher as far out on the limb as I can get it for a kind of flag of distress, for it we sit here all night you're liable to spill yourself into the drink. Chirk up, brother, and tell me your name. I've observed most folks gets more cheerful when they begins to talk about their-selves, even if they're telling their misfortune. I've seen old ladies sit an' tell over their miseries, an' cry over 'em, till they got as lively as crickets. What's your name?'

'Red Harris. What's yours?'

'Rasmus.'

'Is that your given name, or your surname?'

'Reckon it's my only name, seein' I ain't got no other; but look here, lad, if you go to chaffin' me with hints that I keep several aliases to get away from the bobbies, I'll tumble you into this creek, quick as wink.'

'Why, I never thought a thing of the kind!'

'O, all right, then. You come pretty near making me mad. When folks don't say nothing to make me mad, I don't get mad; but when I'm riled, I'm a reglar teaser—I'm a whole menagerie!'

Rasmus proffered this information in a drawling tone, his elbows on his knees, his chin on his open palms, his countenance round, red, and placable, as a 'full moon in the seventh night.'

'You see, I've got two names,' said Rod Harris.

'Well, I'm no high-flier. One's all the sail I can carry, and I'll eat my head if I know where I got that one. Now, pardner, you says your folks is all buried, and now your goods and home are all drowned, what are you going to do about it?'

'I meant to sell my goods and get money to get to New York.'

'What to do in New York, brother? I notice boys takes to the city, as flies takes to a candle, and like them, they are apt to get burnt. You don't consider yourself over and above safe sittin' up here on a tree limb, over this boomin' river, but what with a dive on one side the street, and a grog-hole at every corner, I tell you, you are most miraculous safe here, to what you are in the city.'

'I was going to find my uncle. I've got a rich uncle there, I think. He was there six or eight years ago. I've got a letter he wrote my mother—Mr. Andrews gave it to me the day he died, and said I'd better go to him.'

'An' the letter and your bag is all your fortin?'

'And a five-dollar bill, and this watch.'

Rod pulled out a huge open-faced silver watch, of a turnip shape. Rasmus regarded the relic with respect.

'I had some money once,' said Rod, 'a thousand dollars, about; but Mr. Andrews said he was very sorry, but he'd lost it all in mines.'

'Now, brother,' said the philosophical Rasmus, 'which is it better, to be me, as never had nothing, or to be you, as lost all you had?'

'I don't think he ought to have gone fooling with my money in mines,' said Rod, 'but I suppose he meant no harm.'

'If you don't lay up nothing agin him, I don't,' said Rasmus, cheerfully.

'And he taught me a great many things. What I'm going to my uncle for is, to get him to send me to college.'

'Kind of a mill, ain't that, where they grind out sense instead of flour?' inquired Rasmus. 'There's some folks as can't live without book-learning. I can; I don't know one letter from another. Eddication was neglected when I was a small shaver. You see your old man did better by you.'

'And so he ought—especially after losing all my money,' said Rod—secretly angered at losing what seemed to him a great fortune, but of which he had known nothing until his late guardian told him of it, in the last hour of his life. 'I don't think he had any right to fool away what didn't belong to him. Folks said he was forever speculating, and never had luck. It looks to me kind of like stealing—it was mine, and it's gone—all through him.'

'Well, hold hard there, he's dead,' said Rasmus, who, if he knew no Latin, yet held firmly to the precept, 'de mortuis nihil nisi bonum.' 'Now, I never say no harm of them as is gone where they can't do better, nor answer back. If any one had any call to fault one, I had to fault my old man—but I seldom does, and when I mentions any part of his doings, as a bit of my 'speriences, I don't mention as it is my father I'm talking of and so nail him up in view, like a bat on a barn-door, but I merely says, "I knowed a man." No more do I lay any of his doings to him in partic'lar, but to what he had a habit of layin' in as cargo. When a boat carries a load of powder, as blows up and sends her kiting, I s'pose it's more the powder's fault than hers. So, if I might lay evil to my dad's door, I don't. I lays it to whiskey. I mind when I was a

little chap he had a way of going to beer gardens Sunday, and taking mammy and me along. The first baby I remembers was my little sister, the neatest little mite in a pink dotted long gown. Well, when we was coming home from a garden one Sunday afternoon, he would carry her—it was his way when rather drunk, and I 'member he dropped her crash on the walk! Well, he picked her up, and she cried a little—and I mind going home, and mammy putting me an' the baby to bed in a corner—and in the morning when I woke up, she lay staring, her blue eyes wide open—and never paid no attention to me when I played with her—and then if the poor little thing wasn't dead! Now there is a thing that I might lay up against him, if I would. That was worse than fooling some money in mines.'

At this moment Rasmus fixed his eyes on distance, and stood up, shouting 'Whoop! whoop!' in great excitement. Rodney cried out:

'Is some one coming to take us off?'

'No! We'll get off when the river goes down. Hurray! The red-bud's out. I see a red-bud in blossom: the dogwood will come next, hooray!'

'What of that,' said Rod, crossly; 'what good will red-bud do us when we are up a tree?'

'O, you get,' retorted Rasmus, 'red-bud and dogwood mean spring, and summer—days all sun and birds, and flowers, and life outdoors! Warm streams to swim in: green roadsides to walk on. Red-bud means living, brother.'

'But this river means drownin'! See the water comes up, higher and higher,' cried Rodney.

Rasmus looked, and his countenance fell. The water was whirling up with increased velocity, and down the tossing current came hemlock trees and logs. The southern affluents of the Ohio had not spent their fury, and the head-waters of the Allegheny had now come down upon them. Rasmus saw the danger.

'The rivers have all broke loose at once. I thought it was as high as it could get, for it is sixty-two feet, if it is an inch, and here's the Allegheny. I know by the hemlock. I say, brother, much more of this will dig out our tree. If a boat don't come along, we're done for.'

There was a sudden roaring in Rod's head, as if the entire Ohio flowed through his ears, and he seemed to reel between flood and sky.

CHAPTER II.

RASMUS' REMINISCENCES.

'Stately prows are rising and boring,
Shouts of mariners winnow the air,
And level sands for banks endowing
The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.'

It was past noon; the river had surmounted the high-water mark of sixty-five feet, reached in the inundation of 1832. The angry waters surged within a yard of the dangling feet of the prisoners in the tree, and most of the wreckage that had been stayed by the sycamores, had gone down-stream. Rod had recovered from his momentary faintness. He was accustoming himself to the situation, and taking heart of grace from his plucky comrade.

'We'll eat our dinner,' said Rasmus; 'there's nothing like a square meal to keep a man's danger up.'

While they were eating, they heard a heavy panting and snorting, as of some mighty beast, and saw beyond a bend in the river a plume of white smoke drifting south.

'There's a steamer!' cried Rasmus, in high excitement: 'she's climbing up stream, and

she'll take us off, unless her wash roots us out before she gets in to us.'

Slowly the huge craft climbed the heavy current, fighting her way along the flood, seeming at times only to hold her own. She rounded the bend at last, and came into full view, a splendid floating castle, glittering in white paint, and blue and scarlet stripes, and gilt blazonry—the muddy water almost even with her lower deck. Passengers and officers crowded the boiler-deck, and rising above were the hurricane-deck and the pilot-house; shining in a gala dress of new paint; pipes black; flags flying, a great wheel plunging and lifting in the water behind, churning it to a mass of snow, with depths and reflections of amber. Rasmus climbed out along a limb and waved his red signal with all his might. He was answered by the blowing of the steamer's whistle.

'She'll get here before the tree breaks loose, unless the swash carries it out—in which case they'll have to fish for us,' said Rasmus. 'Now, boy, we're partners, and when two folks is together, it's a waste of words for 'em to contradict each other—likewise it's manners for the youngest to let the oldest speak. I'm the oldest. What I say, you sticks to.'

'Depends on if it's so,' retorted Rod.

'Don't go in for no lies—eh, brother?'

'No. I'm a gentleman.'

'But I ain't.'

'There's nothing to hinder you acting like one.'

'Well, I'll eat my head, if that ain't the best joke as ever was got off! You can act like one—says he!'

'Every one can,' said Rodney, sulkily, 'and you needn't think because I was afraid of drowning, that I'm afraid of folks. I'm not. I'm not afraid of you.'

'You've got more sand in you than I thought, brother,' said Rasmus, dryly; 'but maybe it is the coming up of the boat, as helps your mortar to stick together. But I'm some particular myself, and I don't keep yarns for small change the way some folks do.'

Meanwhile all eyes on the steamer were intent on the pair in the tree, and opera-glasses and telescopes had them in range.

'Shall I send out a yawl?' said the captain to the pilot, who is after all the great potentate of a Western river boat.

'They couldn't get up against the water. She'd float down-stream. Are there women folks there?'

'No, a man and a boy.'

'Then I'll put her nose to the bank, and she must drop on the hurricane-deck, aft, as she swings round. They can do it.'

The pilot brought the enormous craft up as he had indicated, as easily as a child directs his toy boat. Rasmus was ready. He flung the two bags across the lessening distance, then as the hurricane-deck came under the branches, Rod leaped aboard, and Rasmus followed him, as the boat, which in rounding-to had barely held her own, fell off a little, and then resumed her laborious way up-stream.

'Where did you come from?' asked the captain.

(To be continued.)

Endeavoring to Endeavor.

(Helen F. Boyden, in the 'Northwestern Christian Guardian'.)

'We'll have a few small evergreens, you know, in standards; and blocks for stones, covered over with real moss; and there will be vines and foliage plants for underbrush. Heigh-ho! We'll transform the old chapel into a veritable woody nook. And the only thing lacking at this winter picnic will be July heat and mosquitoes.'

'Happily lacked! Say, don't you think, as gypsy soothsayer, I should have a broken basket, and bread and cheese, wrapped up in paper for my lunch?'

The bright-faced girls chatted gaily on with their plan, careless of an audience in the back parlor, who leaned back in her chair with closed eyes, and the smile of a seer.

After her caller had gone, Agnes came in and dropped a swift kiss upon the placid forehead. 'We are about ready, Auntie,' she said, brightly; 'but there has been no end of trouble and committees.'

'Ready for what?' The question was innocent, but the smile accompanying it was quizzical, while the gray eyes looked steadily into

Agnes' brown eyes.

Agnes' face grew puzzled. 'Why, Auntie, you heard all our plans—every one. It's to be as complete a winter picnic as can be planned—for our Christian Endeavor social, you know.'

'I know. And socials are very pleasant. But why such studied preparations for a simple good time?'

'Oh, to have something new, you see, so they'll come.'

'There is nothing new under the sun.' But who are 'they' and why should 'they' come?'

'Well, the members of the Christian Endeavor, generally, and perhaps their friends; and they are to come to get acquainted and have a good time, you know.'

'Are there any strangers in this place? And is social life at such an ebb that they need to have all this work and worry just to have a good time?'

Agnes came around in front of her aunt and looked questioningly into the placid face.

'I don't understand,' she began. 'I thought you would be interested, as you always are.'

'And I am, but—what kept you so busy through the evenings of last week?' asked her aunt.

'Why! Well, we were practicing for the entertainment the missionary department is going to have.'

'And the week before that? You seemed all fagged out.'

'Well, that was mostly Christian Endeavor work; straightening out the treasurer's book, that Elsie left in such a muddle, and helping make out the new lists of officers and committees. The members come so badly that we had extra meetings, and of course other things came in. Then before that—dear me! No one could guess all the work there is connected with the Christian Endeavor.'

'When are you going to get around to Christian Endeavor work?'

'Why, Auntie! You have seen just how hard I have worked; and there are always socials and extras.'

'And you enjoy it?'

'Yes. But—'

'But, is it an unknown language, dearie?'

'I think there is a thought I can't translate yet,' said the girl, bending gently over the invalid. 'Is it one of the "new tongues" that come to you as you sit here, Auntie?'

'There are different translations. I have only my own.'

'Well, but translate for me, Auntie.'

'While you were talking over plans in the other room, I too planned merrily with you. And, as often, since "They that look out of the windows be darkened," I saw many things. I hope you will enjoy your evening in proportion to the amount of work put upon it. The literary and social parts of your society are very pleasant, but there is another part as well. Endeavors these certainly are, but do they leave time and room for Christian Endeavor in its most literal sense?'

A little frown of perplexity or vexation gathered between Agnes' brows, and her lips formed an impatient answer; but the patient voice went on:

'Last fall, before the trouble with my eyes began, I was wheeled past Miss Austin's house. She sat patiently in the sunshine, her sightless eyes closed. "You must have pleasant thoughts, Miss Auntie," I said. "Yes," she answered, sweetly: "pleasant thoughts, but—nothing else."

'I have thought of her often this hard, long winter, sitting with folded hands by her little grate, thinking the wise thoughts of the blind. How much companionship and reading might brighten this Christian life.'

'Then there is Billy Bell, the best skater in town last winter, but now crippled indefinitely. I wonder how many times his lonely life was brightened by gay, young life, and pleasant news this winter?'

Agnes' eyes were full of unshed tears, but the placid voice went on:

'Mrs. Acton has been so miserable all winter, and worn out with sick husband and children. If some baby lover had gone in to give her release now and then that she might sleep or walk in the fresh air I think the deed would have arisen, like sweet incense, to heaven.'

'One could draw a map of this little village

and put a dot here, and there, and there, where such little Christian Endeavor would bring worlds of brightness and joy; little things are so apt to be overlooked, dearie.'

For a few minutes Agnes stayed, stroking the gray head, and as she stooped for the good-night kiss the invalid whispered some Bible references in her ear.

A long time Agnes sat at her little study table beside her open Bible. And the passage she marked read thus: These ought ye to have done and to leave the other undone.'

Thine.

(Marianne Farningham.)

'Just as I am,' thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee, O Jesus Christ,
I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay, with all my
heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might, there-
fore to Thee I come.

'Just as I am,' young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness and Thee, Lord of
my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold, for my
whole life, I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down, O Master,
Lord, I come.

The Winter Sleepers.

There are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter, that are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is mild at all, they wake up long enough to eat.

Now, isn't it curious they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

The little field-mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake on a warm day. The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some, and then eats. When he is going to sleep again, he hangs himself up by his hind claws. The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake; yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he wakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.—'Religious Intelligencer.'

A Game.

Word-making.

The one making the most words wins the game.

A long word is chosen which has in it as many long consonants as possible, and which contains the majority of vowels,—all, if such a word can be found. For instance, congregationalism is an excellent word, as it contains the consonants most often used in the common words, and all of the vowels save 'u.'

When all have written the word at the top of their paper, separating the letters that may easily catch each with the eye, and noting the letters that are repeated in the word, they are ready for their final instructions.

The game is this: to make as many words as possible in a given time, say, four minutes, beginning with the letters composing the word taken in order. In the above word in the first four minutes all words must begin with 'c.' No letter shall be used more times than it appears in the word, i.e., in any word I may

make I cannot use 'c' more than once, as it appears only once in congregationalism; neither can I use the letter 'a' more than twice, etc.

No proper names are allowed, no past tenses of verbs if the present tense is used, and no plurals if the singular is used; neither can we make words borrowed from other languages.—Selected.

Dick's Disease.

It's a 'catching' disease that poor Dick's got, I fear,
So if you've not had it, you'd better 'steer clear';
It often the wood-box keeps from being filled,
The faucet's left running till the water is spilled,
The horse for his supper oft goes without grain,
Dick's new coat is left lying out in the rain,
In the hall lay the letters which should have been mailed,
To run his night errands he grievously failed!
Now, the trouble with poor Dick you've guessed like as not—
For perhaps you have had it—the disease, 'I forgot!'

—'Young People's Weekly.'

An Edged Tool.

Sarcasm is an edged tool which no one can afford to use. The sarcastic person may be able to make some people laugh, but he will make many feel sore and hurt and all will dread him. Sarcasm very quickly becomes a habit and grows like a weed if left to its own tendencies. Root out the beginning of it.

Between pure fun and rasping, cutting sarcasm a wide gulf is fixed. One does not hurt, and the other does. One cheers and helps, the other depresses and discourages. Pleasant voice, pleasant speech, laughing little nothings, good spirits, make one likable. One may be witty without being sarcastic. It is better never to utter even a witty word than to be hurting others and making them fear and finally come to avoid, though they may admire.

Others' feelings, others' comfort, others' circumstances, kindly considered, should be dearer than one's own reputation for cleverness.

The Boy Among the Boat Cushions.

'If I could only row like that!' And the boyish face with the pallor of recent illness was full of envious admiration, as he leaned back among the cushions, watching the other's strong, even stroke. It carried them at a good rate toward the entrance to the inlet, in spite of the contrary tide that strove to drive them back.

'Never you mind, now!' The tone was cheerfully sympathetic. 'You will be rowing all right in a few weeks, and I shall look out for my laurels then.'

'It isn't only the rowing I'm losing—it's everything. To think that I must take that miserable header, and lose a year's work at college. I would be a soph. now if that wretched stone had not been in the way of my wheel last fall, instead of looking forward with fear and trembling to being a freshman in the coming term.'

'See, here, I'm going to row out to that yacht at the entrance—the big one moored pretty well out—row around it and then talk to you a bit while we drift back'; and he bent to his oars.

The passenger among the cushions nodded assent and smiled languidly as if to assure his companion that any moralizing upon his rebellious state of mind would be thrown away.

The boat danced over the choppy waves of the inlet, and rose and fell easily with the longer swell as they approached the yacht and the open sea. Not another word was spoken by neither of the two occupants until they had rounded the yacht gracefully riding at anchor, and turned back toward the landing they had left almost a mile away. The rower drew a long breath, and said gayly:

'The tide will undo my work much faster than I did it'; and he pointed to the yacht they had just passed, now rapidly receding in the rear. It almost seemed as though their

own little boat stood still in the midst of the dancing, sparkling waves, and that the yacht was gliding away from them. But a glance at other stationary objects dispelled the illusion; and while they drifted with the tide the rower, dipping an oar now and then lazily, talked to the passenger with the pale, boyish face and the restless, discontented young eyes.

'I finished my college course this spring, you know, Rob,' he began, 'and I fancy few fellows—who really tried to work, I mean—ever came so near wasting the last year as I did.'

'You! What was the matter?' and the languid indifference gave way to mild surprise.

'Something like this. I began my senior year handicapped a bit in some studies that I disliked and had neglected the previous year. When I went into the senior I suddenly woke up to the fact that had been plain enough all along—that there was hard work ahead if I wanted to come out all right at graduating time. Right then, instead of settling down to work in the quiet, peg-away style that counts, I began doing foolish things. I hurried and worried over my work, and it really seemed as though the harder I tried the less I accomplished.'

'Although I did not suspect it at the time, one of the professors was watching me, and he soon discovered the state of affairs. It was good of him to take the trouble, but one day he caught me alone and gave me a little lecture that was not down in the course.'

"See here, my boy," he began, looking at me with his keenest professional glance, "do you know that you are wasting entirely too much time that you should spend in solid work?"

'I was indignant at once at both the tone and the words; and I'm afraid that I showed it pretty plainly when I assured him that I regularly put in more time over my work than any of the other fellows. At that he smiled quietly at me, took my arm and walked along the secluded lane with me, talking pleasantly, earnestly, and to better effect than any one had ever talked to me before.'

"I said that you were wasting too much time, and I meant no rebuke in saying it. But when you think you are working hardest, then is the very time that you are wasting not only time, but brain power and nervous energy. Now I will explain just what I am driving at. You say you spend more time studying than any of the others. I know you do, and it is not right. You are quite capable of doing the work in the same or even less time than the majority, and doing it better than you do it now. You are wasting in hurry and worry the time that should go into calm, concentrated work. When you work as you so often do, under a pressure of nervous haste, you do not work well. And then you spend more than the time you have apparently gained by hurrying, in worrying over that badly done work.'

"Now, my boy," he added, "if you wish to do good work—and I know you do—you must work deliberately. Take all the time you need for a given task, and in that time do just the one thing and nothing else. Do not allow a thought of haste or a doubt as to results to enter your mind for an instant; but fixing all your attention and energy on the thing in hand, do it. Then sling care to the winds for awhile, and when work time comes around again you will be ready for it; and you will not hurry or worry over it, either, after having once found the pleasure of working right."

That was the lecture, Rob, as nearly as I can remember it, and I followed his instructions to the letter. In a short time I had regained the ability of concentrating my attention on the thing at hand at the exclusion of everything else; and the ease with which I did the work that had burdened me so before was really wonderful. It was only obeying the old advice of "Work when you work and play when you play," and there was no time left between or in the two divisions to waste in hurry or worry.

It worked beautifully in my case, Rob. Suppose you try it? Play now, while it is play time, and don't wear out the strength you are trying to build up by worrying.

'Then when work time comes, work hard, taking your time to do your best. Leave the worry out, and the results to the wise One who said, "Take no thought for the morrow";

and the manly young voice was gravely reverent.

The boy among the cushions looked up with a smile from which all the languid indifference was gone.

'Thank you,' he said as the boat swung around to the landing under skilful guidance. 'You have given me just what I needed in the way of advice, although I did not know it before. I shall not forget it.'

'I am glad you liked my first lecture, even if it was second-hand,' replied the other, as he stepped out and made the boat fast. 'I shall have to tell the professor that I used it as the first of a summer course'; and he smiled at the other's brightened face.—'Canadian Churchman.'

The Lost Bank Notes—A True Story.

(By Alice Armstrong.)

(Concluded.)

Arrived at the place, he was disappointed to find she no longer lived there. Upon making inquiries in the neighborhood, a kindly Irish woman—no other indeed, than Jennie's old neighbor, Mrs. Flynn—directed him where to find her, and after a weary tramp, long and weary for a half-famished man, he found the humble abode, and knocked at the door. It was opened by a pale boy of about ten. Malcom enquired for Mrs. Wilson, and a tired looking woman, out of whose dim eyes starvation stared, came forward, wiping her hands on her wet apron—the room was full of steam and the smell of soapsuds.

'You wished to see me, sir; I am Mrs. Wilson.'

'Mrs. Jennie Wilson?' asked Malcom.

'Yes, sir, that is my name; what is your business with me?'

'Did you ever see this before?' he enquired, handing her the paper parcel. For a moment she stared at the old newspaper, then cried out with astonishment: 'Oh, sir, it is the parcel I lost last Christmas eve, on my way home; I lived outside the city then, and oh, it was an awful loss to me,' and she told of her struggles and the loss of her children, while great tears chased each other down her thin cheeks.

Malcom forgot his own sufferings as he listened to her, and rejoiced that he was able to restore her lost treasure, joining heartily in her thanks to God for sending her a friend in her trouble.

'Oh, sir, I can never thank you enough for your kindness and honesty in restoring this money to me, and it is in time it has come, I could not stand washing much longer; now I can start a little shop of some kind, and Jack can go to school, but let me share a little of it with you,' and she held out five of the crisp ten dollar bills.

'Oh, no thank you,' cried Malcom, 'I couldn't take that much from you.' The grateful woman pressed him in vain to take the fifty dollars, or even twenty, but he firmly refused, saying he would borrow three if she would be kind enough to lend him as much. This she gladly did, protesting she was ashamed to give him so little. There were few happier men in Toronto that night, than Malcom McDougal, as he walked into his humble home and laid on the table before his astonished wife a large basket of provisions. The empty woodbox furnished a good fire wherewith to boil the kettle, and broil a juicy steak. Hungry as they were, neither Malcom nor his wife would taste a morsel till they had bowed their heads and thanked the Giver of all good for this unexpected help in time of need. When the meal was ended, and they sat together in the warm tidy kitchen, Malcom told the story of the day, and they both rejoiced, this honest wholesome young Glengarry couple, at the happy ending of it. Three days later Malcom went to work for a builder and contractor at good wages, and the gaunt grey wolf fled fast and far, and came no more near his happy door. When he told me this story of his early struggles he was a contractor himself, living in a pretty home of his own in a prosperous town a good many miles from Toronto. Mrs. Wilson opened a little confectionery and fancy shop in the city, in which she prospered, providing well for herself and her two children.

Years passed; where once the poor little cot-

age occupied by Willie Wilson and his family stood, is a pretty comfortable home, in which, when wintry winds are howling, and dashing the whirling snowdrifts past the windows, a white-haired old lady sitting cosily by the glowing hearth, often tells her grandchildren their favorite story of 'The Lost Bank Notes.'

For the Sake of the Next One.

'Why, auntie, I thought you were all through!'

'So I am with my work,' returned Aunt Carrie, as with a smile she went on threading her needle. 'I am only trying to smooth the way for the next one.'

'Who, for instance?' questioned Will curiously.

'Well, suppose that just as papa is starting for business to-morrow morning he discovers that he is about to lose a button from his coat and he can spare only about two minutes in which to have it sewed on. Don't you think that it would be quite a relief for mamma to find her needle already threaded?'

'Of course, for I shouldn't think one could find that little bit of an eye at all if he were in a hurry. I had a dreadful time the other day when I wanted to mend my ball. I'm sure I should have been glad to be your next one then.'

'Suppose again, Will, that whoever dropped that piece of wood upon the cellar stairs had stopped to pick it up, remembering that someone else would be coming that way soon. Wouldn't it have been worth while? Just think how poor Bridget has suffered from her fall and how the household has been inconvenienced.'

'Yes, auntie, and if I had wiped up the water spilled this noon, sister would not have been obliged to change her dress when she was in such a hurry to get back to school; but a fellow will have to keep pretty wide awake to remember every time.' And, with a thoughtful expression on his boyish face, Will passed out of the house and toward the front gate, leisurely munching a banana as he went, but apparently engaged in deep thought. Reaching the sidewalk, he threw down the banana skin and proceeded on his way; but presently he turned and looked hard at the yellow object lying upon the pavement and then, quickly retracing his steps, he picked it up and flung it far into the road, where no one would be likely to slip upon it. Turning toward the house, he saw his aunt watching him from the window, and with a merry laugh he lifted his hat and bowed, while she in turn nodded approvingly. —Presbyterian Witness.

Antidotes for Poison.

One day, as the boys and their tutor were clambering over stones, poking about in the hope of finding some relic, Mr. Wilson exclaimed: 'Look out for that poison ivy, boys!' 'But I thought the poison kind had only three leaves, and this has five,' cried John, who had gone some distance from the others.

'There are two kinds of ivy here,' replied Mr. Wilson; 'the one which you are looking at, John, is the Virginia creeper; in the fall this ivy has dark blue berries. We are looking at some poison ivy over here; its berries are white and it has three leaves.'

'Well, I guess I know the difference,' said Abe. 'Do you see my hand?'

'Well, I was poking around yesterday in the woods, and I was careless, I s'pose, because this morning when I woke up I found I'd poisoned myself.'

'How did it feel?' asked John.

'It burned and itched, and it was all broken out in red blotches and blisters.'

'But what did you do for it?' asked John.

'Mother wet some pieces of cloth in water and baking soda, and the itching stopped after a little while.'

'How much baking soda did she use?' said John, who always became interested in anything of this kind.

'A tablespoonful in a teacup of water.'

'Here's your old friend baking soda again,' said Mr. Wilson; 'you see, we use it for burns, for sunburn and for eruptions caused by poisons on the skin. Were any of you ever poisoned inside?'

'I was,' said Abe, who had proved such a jolly companion that the boys had again in-

vited him to join them; 'it was over here on the island that I ate some poke-berries last summer because they looked good and juicy.'

'What did you do for that?' said the inquisitive John.

'Mother gave me a lot of warm water, a pint at a time, and once or twice some with a little mustard in it.'

'What did that do to you?' said Jerry. 'My, I'm glad I didn't eat any poke-berries!'

'I got sick at my stomach and it all came up,' said Abe, 'and then I felt better, only I was so cold that mother put me to bed in warm blankets and gave me hot coffee to drink.'

'Your mother couldn't have done any better if she had been a doctor,' said Mr. Wilson, 'for she attended to the main things. She got rid of the poison first and then braced you up afterward. There are many poisons, however, that have to be treated in special ways. They need an antidote.'

'That's a funny word,' said John. 'What does that mean, Guardie?'

'Well, it means something like this: when the cook's baby drank lye she had to have an antidote—in other words, she had swallowed an alkali, and she had to take an acid, which is an antidote for an alkali. You remember they gave her lemon juice; that's an acid.'

'Why couldn't they have given her vinegar?' said John. 'Isn't that an acid?'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Wilson, 'it would have been very good, too.'

'I should think that sometimes people would take acids and get poisons,' said John.

'You are quite right,' said Mr. Wilson; 'they do, and then you have to give them an alkali, which would be, for instance, aromatic spirits of ammonia, or our friend baking soda; but another thing, the acid would injure the walls of the stomach, and you would give milk, or the whites of eggs, or flour stirred in water besides.'

'Well, I fear it's going to be rather hard work to study medicine, if this is a part of it, Guardie,' said John; 'but I think I'll like it.' —St. Nicholas.

Not Words Alone.

(Mary. D. Brine, in the American 'Messenger'.)

It isn't enough to be 'sorry'

For the troubles our neighbors may feel
Quite useless the 'pity' we tell of,
Unless we use action to heal.

Kind words, though so welcome in sorrow
Take wings and fly off into space,
But deeds help the downcast take courage
Their fears and their terrors to face.

Just some one to help lift the burden,
To do for them deeds that are kind;
How quickly their tears die in sunshine,
And rest comes to heart and to mind!

No, it isn't enough to be 'sorry.'
Or to 'pity' in speeches alone;
Kind words must be backed by kind action,
Ere the seeds of real comfort be sown.

He that is good at making excuses is seldom good at making anything else.

What the World Owes the Quakers.

How many among the tens of thousands of people who travel by rail every day know that they owe the introduction of the 'iron horse' into England to the Quaker? Not many, it is to be presumed. Yet it is an incontrovertible fact, nevertheless. Stephenson, of course, it was who actually built the first locomotive; and he was no Quaker; but it was Friend Edward Peare, of Darlington, who found the money for the preliminary experiments, and who later on financed the first line—that between Stockton and Darlington—ever built on British soil. Afterwards Friend Ellis, of Leicester, started the now mighty Midland system. Friend Bradshaw inaugurated a 'guide' to tell the public when and where the trains started, and their destination. And Friend Edmundson, foreseeing that the cumbersome method of 'booking' each individual passenger continued from coaching days, was bound to be quickly superseded by

some more rational effective system, set to work and devised the railway ticket, and invented the machine for stamping it.

When the Quakers first became a power in the land there was no such thing as total abstinence. Beer—good beer—and plenty of it, was held to be essential to the welfare of the British people. So the Quakers, with their accustomed enterprise and energy set to work to brew good beer, and plenty of it; and the result was the growth of such world-famous malster firms as the Walkers, the Allens of Ratcliffe, the Hanburys and Buxtons of Spitalfields, and the Barclays and Perkins of Southwark. Afterwards temperance reform was forced to the front. The Society of Friends came to believe that brewing was a morally illegal trade, and they quietly withdrew from the business. They also looked round to find some other beverage which might in time vie in popularity with beer and supplant it. They found it, or thought they found it, in cocoa; and Friend Cadbury, of Birmingham, Friend Fry of Bristol, and Friend Rowntree of York, founded the cocoa factories which still bear their names and are conducted by their descendants.

Friend Bryant stuck a bit of phosphorus on the end of a sliver of wood, and showed it to Friend May. The great matchmaking firm of Bryant & May was the result.

Friend Reckitt invented a blue for imparting a good color to white clothes after they had been washed, and laid the foundations of a large fortune.

Friend Huntley thought that an improvement might be made in the little round homemade cakes the Quaker housewives were wont to bake, and that there were elements of a commercial success to the idea. Friend Palmer thought so, too. And between them they started at Reading a tiny bakehouse which blossomed out in time into the vast business of Huntley & Palmer.

When the question of bringing Cleopatra's Needle from Alexandria and setting it up in London was first mooted, the objection was raised that no engineer could be found bold enough to tackle the task of lifting the mighty monolith. Friend Tangye undertook the job, and successfully; and afterwards Friend Dixie poised it on its pedestal by the banks of the Thames.

It was Friend Elizabeth Fry who started prison reform in England, visiting, fearless and alone, the frightful 'women's ward' of Newgate, though warned beforehand that its savage inmates would likely tear her limb from limb. Many of this noble woman's immediate descendants are occupying important positions in Britain to-day, among them being Sir Theodore Fry, the well-known politician, and head of the great iron manufacturing firm of Theodore Fry & Co., Limited; the Right Hon. Sir Edward Fry, the famous ex-judge of the Appeal Court, and Mr. Lewis Fry, M.P., for the Northern Division of Bristol.

Britain's banking system was the wonder and envy of the world a century ago, and that it was so was due almost entirely to the Quakers. Overend, Gurney & Co., was a Quaker firm. So is Marley, Bevan & Co., the founder of the firm being a direct descendant of that Robert Barclay, the 'Laird of Ury,' immortalized by Whittier, the 'Quaker Poet.'

British farmers never had an enduring plowshare until Friend Ransome of Ipswich made them one of 'chilled' iron, thereby laying the foundation-stone of yet another great Quaker business. Friend Abraham first found out the secret of casting in iron from the Dutch, and the huge foundries at Coalbrookdale, famous through three generations, were the result.

True porcelain, as the word is now understood, was not made in England until about the middle of the century before last, when Friend Cookworthy discovered the china-clay deposits of Cornwall.

Friend Lister became a doctor, and was horrified at the deaths in hospitals after operations; so set to work to find a remedy. The result was that greatest discovery of the age, antiseptic surgery, and plain 'Friend Lister' became first Sir Joseph Lister, and afterward 'Lord Lister.'

John Bright left the world better than he found it, both morally and socially. So, too, did Doctor Birkbeck, the inventor of mechanics' institutes; Neal Dow, the temperance reformer, and William Edward Forster, of Edu-

cation Acts' fame. All were of Quaker stock. The Italian Marquis of Mortda, the famous botanist, was once plain Thomas Hanbury, Quaker and chemist.

Sir Robert Fowler, who was twice Lord Mayor of London, came of Quaker ancestry. So, too, did Sir Walter Scott; Lord Macaulay, whose mother was a member of the sect; Sir Henry Rawlinson, the decipherer of the Egyptian cuneiform inscriptions; Sir Samuel Cunard, the founder of Atlantic steam navigation; Lord Lyndhurst, the great lawyer; Bolton, who brought the steam-engine of Watt into general use; Doctor Tregellea, the Biblical scholar; Abraham Lincoln, America's martyred President; Doctor Birch, tutor to our King Edward VII., and Sir T. Fowell Buxton, the indomitable and fearless champion of the slave.

But, after all, our material debt to the Quakers, immense though it is, is insignificant when compared with our moral one. They were the first 'passive resisters,' and through and by passive resistance—real passive resistance—they won for us, in great part, the civil and religious liberty we now enjoy. The sufferings of individuals were frightful. Even women were not exempt. Mary Clarke, the wife of a respectable London tradesman, was publicly flogged, and that in the most savage manner conceivable. Mary Fisher underwent 'many grievous scourgings and indignities.' Mary Dyer was hanged. These were the 'Three Marys of Quakerdom.' But they are types only. There were hundreds, nay, thousands, of others—martyrs every one of them.

"Are you going to the factory?"
"Yes, I be."
"How will your mother get her milk?"
"She'll get it when I go home."
"But not this, Norman. What do you want this for?"

"I want it. She don't want it," said the boy, looking troubled; "I must go."

"Do you take it to drink at the factory?"

"No—it's to drink at the factory—she don't want it," said Norman.

He went off. But as Silky set the breakfast on the table, she said—

"Mother, I don't understand; I am afraid there is something wrong about this morning milk."

"Don't think anything, dear," said Mrs. Meadow, "till we know something more. We'll get the child to let it out. Poor little creature! I wish I could keep him out of that place."

"Which place, mother?"

"I mean the factory."

The next morning Norman was there again. He put himself and his jug only half in at the door, and said, somewhat doubtfully—

"Please, ma'am, a ha'penn'orth?"

"Come in, Norman," said Silky.

He hesitated.

"Come!—come in—come in to the fire; it's chilly out of doors. You're in good time, aren't you?"

"Yes,—but I can't stay," said the boy, coming in however, and walking slowly up to the fire. But he came close, and his two hands spread themselves to the blaze as if they liked it, and the poor little bare feet

Norman didn't answer.

"She don't!" said Silky. "Then where does the money come from, Norman?" She spoke very gently.

"It's mine," said Norman.

"Yes, but where do you get it?"

"Mr. Swift gives it to me."

"Is it out of your wages?"

Norman hesitated, and then said, "Yes," and began to cry again.

"What's the matter?" said Silky. "Sit down, tell me about him. What color is he?"

"He's white all over, and his name is Little Curly Long-Ears."

"But why don't you feed him at home, Norman?"

"Father wouldn't let me. He'd take him away, or do something to him." Norman looked dismal.

"But where does he live?"

"He lives up at the factory, because Mr. Carroll said he was to come in, he was so handsome."

"But your money—where does it come from, Norman?"

"Mr. Swift," said Norman, very dismally.

"Then doesn't your mother miss it, when you carry home your wages to her?"

"No, she don't, 'cause I carry her just the same I did before. I get more now—I used to have fourpence ha'penny, and now they give me sixpence."

And Norman burst into a terrible fit of crying, as if his secret was out, and it was all up with him and his dog too. "Give me the milk and let me go!" he exclaimed through his tears. "Poor Curly!—poor Curly!"



The Christmas Stocking.

By Elizabeth Wetherell, (author of 'The Wide, Wide World'.)

(Continued)

'After I had been on the cupboard shelf awhile, however, and got to know the faces, I saw there was one little boy who came morning and evening too. In the morning he fetched a half-pennyworth and in the evening a penny-worth of milk in a stout little brown jug; always the same brown jug, and always in the morning he wanted a half-penny-worth, and in the evening a penny-worth. He was a small fellow, with a shock of red hair, and his face all marked with the small-pox. He was one of the poorest-looking that came. There was never a hat on his head; his trousers were fringed with tags; his feet bare of shoes or stockings. His jacket was always fastened close up, either to keep him warm or to hide how very little there was under it. Poor little Norman Finch! That was his name.

He had come a good many mornings. One day, early, just as Mrs. Meadow and Silky were getting breakfast, his little red head poked itself in again at the door with his little broken jug, and "Please ma'am—a ha'penn'orth."

"Why don't you get all you want at once, Norman?" said Silky, when she brought the milk.

"I don't want only a ha-penn'orth," said Norman.

"Why don't you take it all at once?"

"I don't want it."

shone in the firelight on the hearth. It was early, very cool and damp abroad.

"I'll get you the milk," said Silky, taking the jug; "you stand and warm yourself. You've plenty of time."

She came back with the jug in one hand and a piece of cold bacon in the other, which she offered to Norman. He looked at it, and then grabbed it, and began to eat immediately. Silky stood opposite to him with the jug.

"What's the milk for, Norman?" she said pleasantly.

He stopped eating and looked troubled directly.

"You needn't be afraid to tell me, dear," Silky said gently. "I'm not going to do you any harm. Does your mother know you get it?"

He waited a good while, and then when she repeated the question, taking another look at Silky's kind, quiet face, he said half under his breath:

"No."

"What do you want it for, then, dear? I'd rather give it to you than have you take it in a wrong way. Do you want it to drink?"

"Oh, don't tell!" sobbed the child. "It's for my little dog!"

"Now don't cry!" said Silky. "Your little dog?"

"Yes! my little dog." And he sighed deeply between the words.

"Where is your little dog?"

"He's up yonder—up at the factory."

"Who gave him to you?"

"Nobody gave him to me. I found him."

"Does your mother know you get the milk?"

"Here 'tis," said Silky, very kindly. "Don't cry—I'm not going to hurt you, or Curly either."

He dried his tears, and ran, fast enough, holding the little brown jug carefully at half-arm's length, and his bare feet pattering over the ground as fast as his short legs could make them.

The next morning Norman came again, and Mrs. Meadow was there.

"Suppose," said Mrs. Meadow kindly, "you come and see me to-morrow—it's Sunday, you know, and you have no work—will you? Come bright and early, and we'll have a nice breakfast, and you shall go to church with me if you like."

Norman shook his head. "Curly'll want to see me," he said.

"Well, about that just as you like. Come here to breakfast—that will do."

The next morning it rained—steadily, constantly, straight up and down. But at the usual time Mrs. Meadow and Silky were getting breakfast.

"I'm so sorry, mother," said Silky; "he won't come."

(To be continued.)

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon its Jan. it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LITTLE FOLKS

Mother Martha's Faith.

The children were certainly lost. Even brave little Martha, with all the dignity of her nine years, was finally obliged to acknowledge that she didn't know in which direction their home lay.

'We's turned upside down, isn't we, Marfie?' lisped Baby Bell, 'and I'se tired, I is!'

'Never mind, little sister; we'll soon be home again.'

'But you said you didn't know which way to go!' piped up Billy Boy.

'Well, let us try this way,' said Martha in desperation. 'I don't see how we lost the trail.'

'I know' said Billy Boy. 'Don't you 'member how we chased those jack-rabbits 'way into the woods?'

'Es, and then we saw those bufully 'lowers and walked and walked so velly far,' sighed Baby Bell.

'Oh, dear!' said Martha; 'I wish those jackrabbits had stayed at home.'

'Wish I had, too,' grumbled Billy Boy. 'I'm tired and hungry.'

'Me, too,' said Baby Bell.

Meanwhile the children were trudging wearily on, and as the shadows grew deeper in the silent forest, brave little Martha kept up a cheerful chatter, that the little ones might not feel frightened.

'Is we most home, Marfie I'se velly tired'—and Baby Bell dragged heavily on, holding to her sister's skirts. 'Cos if we isn't most home, I sink I'll say my p'ayers and lie down yight under this tree.'

'Oh, no, Baby mustn't go to sleep, because sister couldn't carry her. But we can all say our prayers and ask God to show us the way home.'

'All yight!' responded the little ones.

So the bewildered children knelt down and clasped hands under the shadow of the grim old trees, and after a short pause Martha said: 'Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord, and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night, for Jesus' sake.'

'Amen!' chorused the children.

A moment's pause, then Billy began:

'Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!

Bless Thy little lambs to-night:
Through the darkness be Thou
near us;

Keep us safe till morning light,
And all the children said 'Amen!'

The Pianist.

When I play

All the other people seem to vanish
right away.

Not that I am sorry, for I like to
be alone,

And sing aloud my counting in a
very touching tone,

When I play.



When I play

The old clock's minute hands gets
stuck, and there it seems to stay.

For hours I thump my best known
piece until I'm fit to drop,

When someone pokes her head in;—
Half hour's up, it's time to stop!

When I play

'How Paderewski'd envy you!' the
other girls all say,

'At any rate,' I then reply, 'I keep
a gracelul pose;

'At least my fingers never need
assistance from my nose,

When I play!'

—Australasia.

'Now, little sister,' said Martha,
'Oh, dee! I so s'leepy I can't
fink of anyfing.'

'Try, little sister,' urged Martha.
'All yight! B'ss de Lord, oh
my shole! I want to go yight

home to my muzzer, I do! Amen.'

'Amen!' echoed the elder children.

Rising from their knees, Martha said: 'Now God will surely show us the way home! See! Billy Boy will carry the flowers and sister will carry Baby Bell a little way, only Baby Bell must keep wide awake and help to find the way.'

'All yight!'—and the plump little arms were clasped lovingly about Martha's neck.

After walking a while, Martha suddenly stopped. 'Listen! What is that?'

'A tow bell! cried the baby.

'A horse neighing!' cried the boy.

'And a man's voice!' cried Martha.

'Goody, goody!' said the boy.

'We must be most home.'

'Doody, doody! We's most home!' gurgled the drowsy baby.

'Now where is the cow and the horse and the man!' asked Martha.

'Over there!' cried the children, pointing in the same direction.

'I think so too. Now we must hurry up and find them,' said Martha, as she gladly deposited her precious burden on the ground. 'Let us take hold of hands and see how soon we can reach them.'

Laughing merrily, the trio ran in the direction of the sounds and soon came to a ranch on the edge of the forest.

'Well, if there ain't some fairies coming out of the woods,' exclaimed a genial voice.

'Oh, no, Mr. Rockwell; we are not fairies, but just hungry and tired children, who lost their way this afternoon.'

'Well, well well! If it isn't little Mother Martha and her babies! Come right into the house and let mother give you some bread and milk while I hitch up the team and take you home to your ma—you poor little lost lambs!'

'Marfie,' whispered Billy Boy, as they ro'le home in the deepening twilight, 'do you s'pose God made that cow ring her bell so loud and the horsie neigh so many times just so we might find our way out of the woods?'

'I am sure he did, Billy Boy.'

After a warm bath and a good

supper the little ones were soon asleep, none the worse for their wanderings. But the motherly little Martha never forgot that anxious afternoon in the forest and the immediate answer to their childish prayer.—'Pacific Churchman.'

A Curiosity.

I knew a little boy not very long ago,
Who was as bright and happy as any boy you know.
He had only one fault, and you will all agree
That from a fault like this a boy himself might free.

'I wonder who is there, O, see! now why is this?'
And 'O, where are they going?' and 'Tell me what it is?'
Ah! 'which' and 'why' and 'who' and 'what' and 'where' and 'when.'
We often wished that never need we hear those words again.

He seldom stopped to think; he almost always knew
The answers to the questions that around the world he threw.
To children seeking knowledge a quick reply we give,
But answering what he asked was pouring water through a sieve.

Yet you'll admit his fate was as sad as it was strange.
Our eyes we hardly trusted, who slowly saw him change.
More curious grew his head, stem-like his limbs, and hark!
He was at last a mere interrogation-mark!

(Helen Leah Reed, in 'Youth's Companion'.)

A Little Runaway.

Ethel Royal ran away from home one day, and her mamma searched for several squares up and down Third street before she found her. She had been playing all the time with Tottie. The innocence of the child subdued the mother's excitement over her lost lamb. But she was quite sensible of her duty to punish the child in some way, in order to improve the little one's sense of right and duty. She told her how God looked on her for this wicked act, and shut Ethel alone in a room. After a time the child

was heard to pray aloud to God. In her trustful, confiding way she asked Him to keep her from running away, and had the sweet faith that He would do it because she had asked Him to do it. When her mother asked her, 'What about it, Ethel?' she answered:

'I think now you can let me out, mamma, for God's going to keep me from running away.'

But she ran away again in a day or two afterward. Her mamma asked her:

'Why did you run away again, Ethel? You asked God to keep you from running away.'

'Don't know why He didn't do it—I asked Him,' she said. She looked her mamma, childlike, in her eyes, and kissed her with artless love. But her mamma had no arm around her.

'But, Ethel, when you ask God to help you, you must do a little something to help, too. He expects you to help Him keep you at home.'

Then her mamma shut her up alone again, and the child prayed God to keep her from running away. When her mother asked her whether she could give her liberty again, Ethel said:

'Yes; now I'll be good, and God will keep me; and I will help Him this time.'

She never ran away again.—Ex.

A Doll's Millinery Store.

A True Story.

Lulu had always liked to trim dollie's hats. She was never fretful about her work, but used up the bit of ribbon and silk that she had, and never teased for more.

'Oh, mamma,' she cried one day, 'can't I play that this window is my store?'

Mamma said yes, and Lulu pinned the little hats and bonnets up to the window.

'I'll print a sign and pin that up,' she said.

When the little girls saw the sign and the millinery at the window, they came with their pins and pennies and bought the tiny hats and bonnets for their dolls.

'A number of people are to have a big fair,' said papa, one day. 'They have heard of your millinery store, and want you to move it down to the hall one night.'

'Oh, how lovely!' cried Lulu. And when the time of the fair came, she packed up her dainty millinery, and went with it to the fair. When the evening was over Lulu had earned five dollars.

'Your trade grows so that I shall have to build you a little store out of the boards of the boxes that my goods come in, said papa.

So a little store was built out in the yard. There was a chamber to which one must climb on a little ladder.

There was a counter and behind this Lulu stood and sold her hats. There was a money drawer. Oh, don't you wish you could see how many cents there were in it? There was a window hung with such dainty silk bonnets and straw hats and pieces of ribbon and silk; and over the little door, which had a truly lock and key, this sign was painted:

LULU BURGESS,
Doll Millinery.

Forenoon and afternoon you could see little girls carrying their dolls to the store to get fitted for a hat, or hurrying out of the yard carrying a tiny bonnet pinned up in a piece of wrapping paper, on which was printed Lulu's advertisement.—Alice May Douglass, in the 'Western Methodist Times.'

The Bear Hunter.

If I should meet a grizzly bear
A-roaming from his mountain lair,
I'd just get down on hands and knees

And growl around among the trees.

Then if my growling didn't scare
That great ferocious grizzly bear,
I'd sing a song, and, at my ease,
Just try my best the bear to please.

—Charles Keeler.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Correspondence

A.R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for four or five years, and like it very much. I am twelve years old, and am in the eighth grade at school. Some of my studies are as follows: Arithmetic, history, grammar, geography, physiology, algebra, and reading, besides some of less importance, as writing, drawing, spelling, etc.

I have two grandmothers and one grandpa (the other being dead). I notice that the boys do not seem to write much. I wish they would write more, or the page will soon be owned entirely by girls.

I think I will write a little about our town. Annapolis is the oldest town in North America, except St. Augustine in Florida. It is situated on Annapolis Basin. It is a very historical town, as the war between the English and

to appear in the 'Messenger.' We have been subscribers to the 'Messenger' long before I was born, and I am now twelve years old. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School, and I generally read it through.

We moved to Manitoba a year ago this fall. I like it far better than Quebec. We lived forty miles west of Montreal. I go to school, which I am very fond of. My favorite subject is geography. I like reading. My favorite books are: 'The Little Minister,' 'The Lamp-lighter,' and 'The Man from Glengarry.' I will try and answer the last puzzles. The first is: Why is the King like a book? Because he has a lot in him. The second is: When is coffee like the earth? When it is ground. And the third is: What is full of holes, yet holds water? A sponge. LOUISE CROSS (aged 12)

C. C., Colo.

Dear Editor,—I have waited for a long time to see if any letters come from here, but have

But even mother's Christmas stories failed to charm away the feeling of loneliness this time.

Christmas Day in a strange place, the father absent, and confusion instead of the bright cheerful home to which they were accustomed!

From their post at the window they could look up and down the narrow street with its quaint houses, and wonder what the little girls and boys were doing in these other homes. They had reason to know that kind hearts dwelt near them, for they had received many warm greetings and tokens of kindness on their arrival.

Anna, now fourteen, cheerfully remarked, 'I am sure we shall like D— when we get settled and acquainted with the people.'

But the unexpected happened even in Christmas holidays. Little seven-year-old Gladys was taken ill suddenly, with a dangerous and contagious disease. The red card was fastened to the house, and for many long days there was little chance of either 'getting settled' or 'acquainted with the people.' But one visitor came notwithstanding the rules of quarantine.

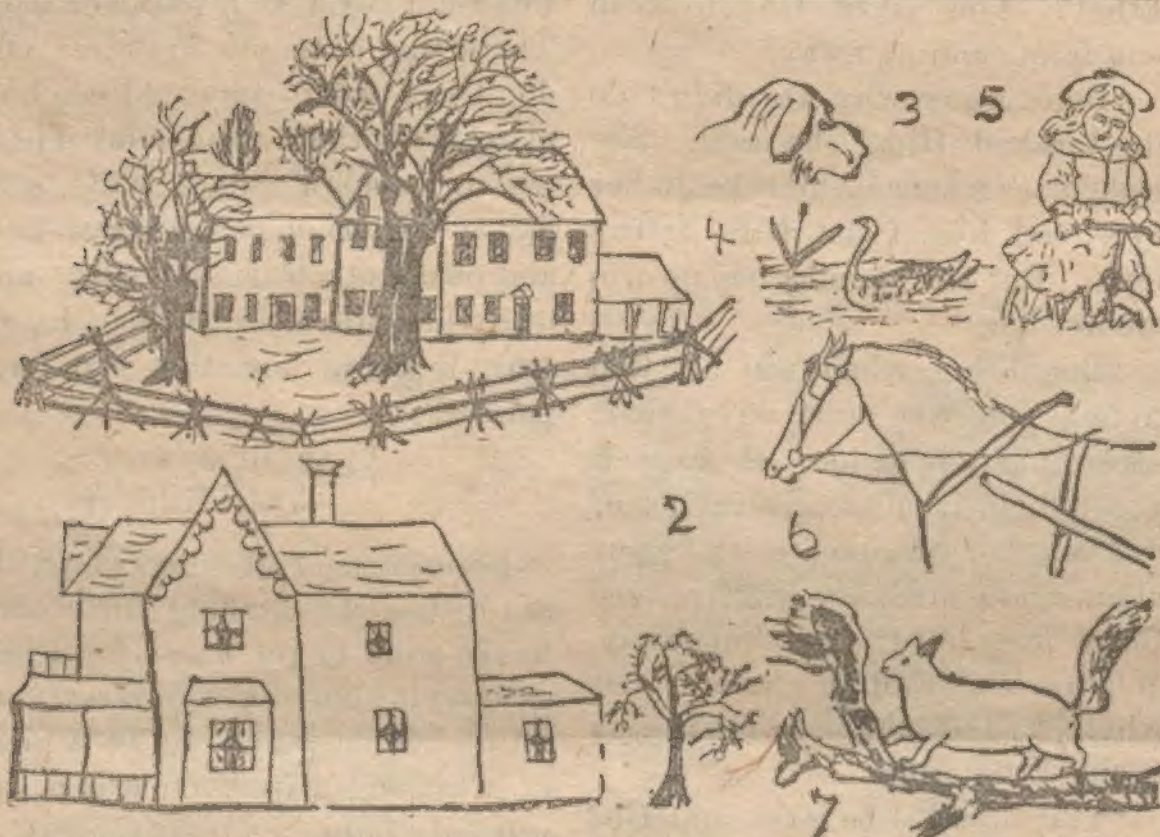
One evening soon after Gladys took ill, the doctor called—he slipped in out of the storm and darkness, but before he could close the door a little stranger had stolen softly in behind him. Swift as a flash four soft feet bounded up the stairway and sped up the hall right into the sick room. In a moment Louise, who was by her mother, held in her chubby arms a beautiful grey and white kitten. The mother saw and welcomed it, knowing how fond the little girls were of kittens. Then it crept softly to the side of the couch where Gladys lay tossing in fever. There it nestled beside the sick child and purred gently to the stroke of her soft hand. From that time the mother's care was lightened. Night after night in those lonely vigils the little sufferer would grow restless, and looking around ask, 'Where is Kitty?' 'I want Kitty.' And as soon as the cool soft fur pressed her hand she smiled and slept. But soon there were two cots in the sick room, and both parents were kept busy night and day as nurses, for no help could be procured. And now Kitty did double duty, going from cot to cot cheering and soothing her little patients. When the little restless hand reached out and touched the soft head of the kitten it was enough, the patient became quiet. How gentle and patient and apparently sympathetic the little furry companion was! But when the crisis was passed a name was wanted for the kitten, and mamma was appealed to for a suggestion. 'Call her "Comfort," dear children,' she said, and that settled it. 'Our dear kitty "Comfort" baby Louise always said.

In the days of convalescence that followed, Comfort, with a blue ribbon collar on, shared all the delicacies of the breakfast tray, and entertained her little patients by playing merrily around the room. 'Whose she is, or whence she come or why, we do not know,' said mamma, 'but we accept her as a blessing.' She was a real comfort.

There came a day when the little sisters were both dressed, and once more gathered up their dolls and toys. For a little time it seemed in the joy of returning health as if even little Comfort were likely to be forgotten—though not for long. Did she know it? Did the little stranger feel that she was no longer needed? 'Look, papa! at Kitty Comfort, how strange she looks and she is so quiet!' Yes, it was noticeable, the listless attitude and dreamy far-away look.

Mamma felt there was sorrow coming. Carefully she herself tucked the kitten into its bed of straw that night and felt a strange sadness as she looked at the little unconscious comforter of hours of pain and weakness. She fancied there was something almost human in the appealing look in the kitten's eyes as she turned away to go upstairs. The next day little Comfort was very ill; everything was done to ease her pain and make her comfortable, but in a few hours she slipped away. Sadly the tears fell on the little faithful animal who had sacrificed her life in brightening and cheering other lives. Out of the storm and the darkness she had come to the home of sickness, like a little ministering spirit, stayed during five long weeks, and with work well done, laid down her life; and life to 'Little Comfort' was all.

(Will the young author of this story send us his or her name.—Cor. Ed.)



OUR PICTURES.

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|---|--|
| 1. 'An Inn.' Gladys N., O. C. | 5. 'The first ride.' Mabel Moss (9), F., Ont. |
| 2. 'Our Farmhouse.' Rebecca Solomon (9), S., Man. | 6. 'Nell.' Robert Richardson (9), M., Man. |
| 3. 'My Dog.' C. R. (11), Roland, Man. | 7. 'The little nut stealer.' Dorothy Solomons (12), S., Man. |
| 4. 'Swan.' L. L. M. Derragh, D., Ont. | |

the French in the days past was carried on here. It was then called Port Royal, and was taken many times, until in 1710 it was captured by the English for good. We have a fine garrison, in which are many old cannon. There is a statue erected to the memory of Sieur De Monts, who in 1604 sailed up the Basin and discovered the town. The town is very pretty in the summer, and many strangers come here in the hot weather. We have delightful summers, but a long, cold winter. But I like the winter best because there is coasting, skating, etc.

KARL B.

Regina Industrial School.

Dear Editor,—I am a pupil of Regina School. I came here a year ago from Crowstand. The school is situated four miles away from the city of Regina, Province of Saskatchewan. The boys work on farms, in the carpenter shop, in the bakery, and in the printing office for half of each day, and go into the school-room for the other half; while the girls spend the half day that they are out of classroom in the cooking, baking, sewing room, laundry and house work. I am now working in the laundry every noon, but I like to do cooking best of all. We have seven teachers besides the Principal: The Matron, cooking instructor, seamstress, two schoolroom teachers, the mechanical instructor, and the farm instructor.

FLORENCE C.

V., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have never written a letter to the 'Messenger' before, but to-night I will make an effort to write one good enough

been disappointed of not finding any, so I thought I would write one myself.

I live in a mining district. We have very rich gold mines here, but very little silver. The gold which comes from here is noted all over the world.

I am eleven years old, and in the sixth grade. For pets I have a yellow canary bird and a fox terrier dog, whose name is Buster.

The names of some of the books I have read are: 'Captain January,' 'Grim's Fairy Tales,' 'American History,' and 'Tanglewood Tales.'

MARIE HORTON.

'COMFORT.'

For the Little Folks.

A True Story.

'What a snow storm for Christmas!' cried Anna, the eldest of the three little McGregor girls who stood at the window in their father's study. They watched the snow drifting, drifting into great billowy mounds on the street and on the lawns opposite. Wildly the flakes blew hither and thither, driven by the untiring gusts of wind, while the cold, already keen, hourly increased in intensity. 'I wish our dear papa would come home,' said tender-hearted Louise, only five. 'Yes, dear, but papa went to a funeral—ministers must go to people in trouble,' said Anna. Dry goods boxes and barrels and sundry piles of books and bedding filled the rooms, for the minister's family had just arrived the preceding day. The house was not ready, and they had temporary quarters in a small house, more comfortable than convenient.



LESSON II.—JANUARY 14, 1906.

The Wise Men Find Jesus.

Matt. ii., 1-12.

Golden Text.

My son, give me thine heart.—Prov xxiii, 6.

Home Readings.

Monday, January 8.—Matt. ii., 1-12.

Tuesday, January 9.—Matt. ii., 13-23.

Wednesday, January 10.—Gen. xlv., 8-17.

Thursday, January 11.—I. Kings x., 1-13.

Friday, January 12.—Ps. lxxii., 1-20.

Saturday, January 13.—Is. lx., 1-10.

Sunday, January 14.—Is. lx., 11-22.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Uneasily rested the head that wore the crown in Judea, for that crown had been obtained by usurpation; it had been retained by a long series of assassinations. No wonder that when news was carried to the old Idumean of the arrival of some eastern astrologists, who were inquiring for the native-born king, a troubled look, mixed with jealous hatred crossed the tyrant's face. He had embellished his capital with a luxurious palace and a superb temple; had propped his throne with consummate skill, and his greatest ambition now was that he should be counted the founder of an imperishable dynasty. Who, then, was this aspirant for his scepter, whom these strangers already dared to style King of the Jews? The ruling passion was strong in death. Though trembling on the edge of eternity, Herod began whetting the poniard which had stood him in hand through his long career.

The city shared in the perturbation of the palace; though, of course, for different reasons. It was at once feared that the suspicion of the existence of a rival would cause fresh and even more cruel reprisals. It would be the excuse for the infliction of heavier burdens by the hateful old usurper. Then, too, odious as Herod was, the people were not prepared to receive a prince who should rule in righteousness. Their own manner of life would not bear the light of His countenance. So those who ought to have hailed the "starred wizard" with joy, were only terrified at their coming. True, as Jerusalem had lost its religion, it was that only because it was no longer Messiah-a-king. It would rather have a prince who would break the Roman yoke than one who would save it from its sins and open to it the kingdom of heaven.

On the dark background of Herod's murderous jealousy and Jerusalem's cold indifference, the moral character of the Magi shone with a peculiar lustre. From their home a thousand miles in the east they came, not prompted merely by the vague expectation of a Saviour which was abroad in the heathen world at that time, nor the faint hope found in their own sacred books. No, they had learned of the Messiah through some Jews of the Dispersion. In a borrowed scroll they read of Him of whom Moses and the prophets spoke. To minds prepared for it, and eyes waiting for it, the star in the east appeared. Their obedience to the heavenly vision was instantaneous. Going to do homage to a king, they must needs carry kingly gifts—links of gold and tears of frankincense and myrrh.

That they were not swayed from their purpose by the indifference of Jerusalem to the Advent of the Messiah, is now evidence of their thorough-going seriousness. To find such skepticism at the very seat of the Hebrew faith was enough to dash their zeal. But

it did not. To be pointed to a mean, little, straggling Judean hamlet as the possible place of the Nativity, to actually find the Babe in the meanest place that mean village afforded—none of these things moved the star-led Magi. Great was their faith.

This thousand-mile triumphal progress of faith reaches its golden climax in an act of worship. In attitude of loving reverence they presented the heart's adoration, always richer than oblation or gift.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

I.—Herod: Effect of quest of Magi upon him. Ambition to found a dynasty which should survive him.

Jealous of a rival.

II.—Jerusalem: Perturbation on account of rival to Herod.

His reprisals feared.

City not ready to receive a king who should rule in righteousness.

III.—Magi: Their moral earnestness in contrast.

One thousand-mile journey.

To watching eye star appears.

Kingly gifts for a king.

Indifference of Jerusalem does not daunt them, nor does mean place of Nativity.

Adoration.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Seeking Jesus is the highest practical wisdom. All who seek him are Magi in the best sense of the word. And it is no difficult task to find him. No thousand-mile journey confronts us. No going up to heaven or down to hades, for the Word is nigh. But we shall not find him unless we have the same moral earnestness the Magi showed. . . . The Magi are the ideal seekers after Christ. They made it their business to find Him. They might have said: "This one thing we do." They left home, business, society and all to find Him of whom Moses and the prophets spake. They were not daunted by well-nigh insurmountable obstacles. They persevered. They did not fall out by the way, though it were a thousand miles long. And when they found Jesus at length, they believed in him. . . . In a sense we come to a larger Christ than the Magi found. They discovered a Babe, we the full-grown Christ, whose finished work and righteousness is our hope for time and eternity. . . . It is largely a matter of sentiment, the finding of a spiritual significance in the various gifts which the Magi brought. They gave just the best they had, the choicest things their far-off country produced. We may well imitate their example. . . . The skulls of the Magi, blazing in gems, are displayed in the crypt in the cathedral at Cologne. Each skull is crowned with a diadem, and the name of the wearer is written in rubies upon it. Such literalism is unfortunate. The spirit of the Magi is far more important than their bones. . . . According to the character of each, what is good news to one is evil to another. What is good news to Magi and scholars were the evil tidings to the Jews and the Pharisees. Christ came to save, and in His saving the true

WHAT CHRIST TAUGHT ABOUT MONEY AND ITS USE.

The young man who asked Jesus about how he could inherit eternal life, was negatively good. He had not committed adultery, or killed, or sworn, or bore false witness. Jesus admired his goodness. But in the flash of one word, he revealed a whole realm of active, distracted service for others of whose very existence to that moment the young man had been ignorant. Self and love! That was the crux. Not immediately, perhaps never, did this negatively innocent person become positively and unambiguously good in the sense of service for others. Yet that is the very heart of the message Jesus taught and exemplified. Only by following Him in such service can any one have true treasure. Riches and dress without the spirit of service.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Jan. 14.—Topic—What Christ taught about money and its uses. Matt. ii., 11; Mark x., 17-31.

Junior C. E. Topic.

LIKE OTHER PEOPLE.

Monday, Jan. 8.—War with the Phillistines. I. Sam. vii., 7-14.

Tuesday, Jan. 9.—Samuel the judge. I. Sam. vii., 15-17.

Wednesday, Jan. 10.—What the people wanted. I. Sam. viii., 1-5.

Thursday, Jan. 11.—What God said. I. Sam. viii., 6-9.

Friday, Jan. 12.—Samuel's advice. I. Sam. viii., 10-18.

Saturday, Jan. 13.—They rejected God. I. Sam. x., 19.

Sunday, Jan. 14.—Topic—Wanting to be like other people. I. Sam. viii., 19, 20.

Eleven Rules for Teachers.

1. Prepare each lesson by fresh study.
2. Seek in the lesson its analogies and likenesses to other truths.
3. Study the lesson until its thoughts take shape in familiar language. Clear speech is the proof and product of clear thought.
4. Find the natural order and connection of the facts and truths.
5. Seek the relation of the lesson to the lives and duties of the pupils.
6. Use aids, but never rest until the truth arises clear before your own eyes.
7. Search for all facts. Master some. Make one truth your very own.
8. Have a regular time for study.
9. Have a plan of study, but study beyond the plan.
10. Secure the help of the best scholars and thinkers through their books.
11. Talk over your lesson with an intelligent friend.

—'Sunday School Times.'

Every Sunday school should have a Home Department Superintendent who will give his personal time and attention to this particular phase of work. He should direct the visitors in their delivery of lesson helps and the collection of reports and offerings as well as stimulate home study, class spirit and enthusiasm. It will reward every true effort.—'Sunday School Teacher.'

'The Milk' of the Word.

Some parents are very careful about the growth of their children's bodies, and do their best to supply them with the right kind of food to that end. Are we equally anxious about the spiritual development of those whom God has committed to our care, to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?

Simple food is the kind best suited to the child's body, and simple nourishment, the 'milk' of the Word, is the kind for their young minds to feed upon, and by God's blessing lead to their spiritual quickening.

Does some one ask, What is the milk of the Word? My experience leads me to say that, for children, it is simple Bible stories. Before they can read for themselves these stories, simply told, with a few words of explanation or application, have a wonderful interest. This has been abundantly proved to me by the oft-repeated request, 'Daddy, tell us a Bible story?' What is the result? What does it lead to—the milk of the Word? In the first place, a softening influence. They are more ready to obey. . . . do not pretend to explain it, but the fact remains, and has been marked by outsiders before knowing the reason. Another result is, it leads them to read the Bible for themselves, as soon as they are old enough, and who shall say how great the value to the child—to the future man—of these early impressions of the Word of God?

Who shall say how often it shall talk with them by the way in trying days to come? One thing leads to another, and I could speak of some joining the visible Church of Christ with the hope of one day being used in the ministry.

What a different history of Israel might have been written had they obeyed the command of Deut. vii., 7, to teach God's word diligently to the children!—Selected.



Labor's Worst Enemy.

We now crave your indulgence while we present a few figures culled from the National Bureau of Statistics at Washington, showing the part that intoxicants play in the degradation of labor. We think it demonstrates the fact that labor's greatest enemy is the government-sharing and government-protected liquor traffic.

In the manufacture and sale of liquor, less money is paid for labor in proportion to the cost to the consumer, than in the manufacture and sale of any other commodity.

If a laboring man buys \$100 worth of boots and shoes, he buys \$20.71 of labor.

In buying \$100 worth of furniture he buys \$23.77 of labor.

In every \$100 worth of hardware he buys \$24.17 of labor.

In every \$100 worth of clothing he buys \$17.42 of labor.

In every \$100 worth of cotton goods he buys \$16.91 of labor.

In every \$100 worth of men's furnishing goods he buys \$18.34 of labor.

In every \$100 worth of worsted goods he buys \$13.55 of labor.

In every \$100 worth of woollen goods he buys \$12.86 of labor.

In every \$100 worth of liquor he buys \$1.23 of labor.

If eight laboring men spend \$800 for furniture, hardware, clothing, cotton, worsted and woollen goods and men's furnishing goods, they contribute \$147.43 to labor, and at the same time they bring valuable supplies to their own families, they stimulate business and add to the demand for labor.

If the \$800 is spent in the saloon only \$9.84 goes for labor, the families are made wretched and the men themselves are made worse physically, financially and morally, their jobs are imperiled and they have wasted their money. Liquor is labor's worst enemy.—'New Voice.'

Sociable and Generous.

A TRUE STORY.

Mrs. H. was my friend. In the time of which I write, she was a happy young wife and mother, and I was a girl just home from the school. Grand times we used to have together at 'The Cottage,' and often the garden resounded with shouts of laughter and merriment. Those were glad, happy days! She had such a pretty home. I can see the house now from our parlor window (or I could do, were the day brighter, but this morning a white, frosty haze obscures it). In the summer time the roses bloomed in the garden, and peeped lovingly into the pretty gabled windows. All was brightness and sunshine!

Mr. H. was a man well esteemed, affable and courteous to all; very sociable and very generous—lavish, almost, in his generosity. He held a good position in the town, and there was no stint at 'The Cottage.'

Three little girls and one boy composed the family. Libby, the youngest, was a dark-haired, quiet child of four, very different from the others—quieter and more gentle. She liked to be alone; to look out of the window, and watch the stars come out; to think about the great God who made them, and kept them in their places. Sometimes mother would tell her the story of the Good Shepherd, 'who carried the lambs in his arms,' and little Libby thought she would like to be one of the lambs that Jesus carried. I did not know Libby as well as the others—these were the early days of our friendship—but I remember hearing one day that she was ill. The child was quieter, and liked to be still on the sofa, watching the other children building the bricks on the hearth rug. Well, not many days passed, and then the mother knew that the Good Shepherd was coming for the little one, and that she must let her go. The next day the blinds were drawn at 'The Cottage,' and little Libby was gone.

Years sped. The shadow of death had passed away from 'The Cottage,' and the mother rejoiced that the little one was safe. But another shadow, gloomier and darker, brooded over the home. Very heavy was the mother's heart and lines of care began to come on the pleasant face; even the children felt that something was wrong. Why were father and mother so quiet now, with never a word to say to each other? And why was father out so much? 'He seemed to have more business now in town, and he didn't use to have,' they said.

People in the town now began to talk, and when one day it was rumored that Mr. H. had fallen down in the station in a fit, the truth came out. 'He was always a sociable fellow, you know,' people said, 'but there is a limit to everything. It was disgraceful! A man in his position to make such a spectacle of himself. To be carried home like a dog! dead drunk!' Thus reasoned the friends, who were always ready to take a glass with him, and drink at his expense.

I spent a good deal of time at 'The Cottage' in those days, but never even to me did the wife mention her sorrow. She was always strong and brave.

The evil grew; made rapid strides. I do not know whether there was any voice raised in warning, whether there was any hand

To throw out the life-line across the dark wave,

But there 'was' a brother whom someone should save.

All seemed too reticent. Society shut her eyes, and as long as the golden key was inserted, her doors opened readily. The firm, the owners of the estate, with whom Mr. H. had been employed from his youth up, after repeated warnings, told him he must leave. 'A man with an unsteady hand and muddled brain was of no use to them,' they said.

But I must get on quickly. One day 'The Cottage' was empty! There was no money coming in now, and so the pretty home must be given over to strangers. My friend, with her children, went into the country to live; if they must suffer, it must be away from everyone who knew them. The girls were grown up now, and understood what it all meant; but not a word of complaint passed their lips to strangers; was he not still their father?

I spent part of a day with them occasionally in their new home. How they tried to make the best of things, assuring me it was real fun to do all the housework. One day inadvertently I found out they had not had any dinner. It would be so much nicer to have something dainty for tea,' they said, 'and then we could all enjoy it together.' And so the table was spread, the china brought out, and the damask cloth laid, as of old. Such a spread there was. Nothing lacking, so anxious were they that not even I should guess that the skeleton of woe was even then lurking on the threshold—nay, had entered the door.

Did the father repent? Surely even he must have been touched by the quiet bravery, by the loving reticence that made them 'strong to suffer, and be still.' Ah, me! the giant drink had got too great a hold. The man was weakened morally and physically.

One could see him creeping home under the shadow of the night, trying to escape notice. The form that was once strong and erect now seemed to have shrunk; he no longer looked the world in the face like an honest man; his eyes had lost their light, and watched you furtively; and so little by little the shuttle of sin wove the black shades into the pattern of his life.

Darker days came. When once the feet are set upon the downward path, swiftly they go to destruction. All love for wife and children had gone, all tenderness, all pity. Like the horse-leech, the cry was 'Give more! give more!'

The furniture now began to disappear; all the dainty knick-knacks, one by one, were swallowed up. Oh! the sad, sad story! and yet the world looks on and shrugs its shoulders. The speculator buys his ground, and builds the gin palace; and the publican baits the trap, and gilds the snare.

One day—one never-to-be-forgotten day—the climax came! Stimulated to the cruelty by more drink, the father had come home—told them to pack up their clothes (clothes only) and be gone—he was tired of them. Henceforth they were to be as strangers to each other.

The home was sold, and even now the brokers were waiting to carry away the furniture and effects.

The clothes were soon packed and the door shut behind them. Very hollow it sounded through the empty house. Night came on. Homeless! Houseless! Husbandless and fatherless! Brought up in luxury and refinement, now turned out into the streets! Would that that brave strong heart could lie down under the shadow of the silent night, under the blue vault of heaven and the quiet stars—and die. Not yet! brave heart. Not yet! 'Thy Father knoweth—'

A house was taken, a small three-roomed house, in a quiet street in the town where once they lived in affluence and ease. Here the mother took in needlework, the girls went out to teach, and the boy into an office—but the money was hard to earn—and often the cupboard was empty. Still bravely and unflinchingly they struggled on! Peace now reigned in the home. Soon an opening in the colonies was made, and the boy, strong in faith and love, went out to some of his mother's friends to make a home for her there. Not many months afterwards money was raised, and the mother and daughters followed, and now they are settled in that far away land.

Mrs. H. spent a few days with me before she sailed. Once more she went into 'The Cottage.' The roses were still blooming there, and little children playing in the garden. . . . Yet another visit must be paid, so up the country lane she went, past the farmsteads where the cows browsed in the meadows, and the sparrows chirped in the hedgerows, past the plantation where the rooks cawed in solemn conclave, to the quiet cemetery. Scalding tears fell on the little mound, almost blinding the eyes that read, on the white marble tombstone, the comforting words—'He shall carry the lambs in his arms.'

Yet one more scene. A boat on the river. The bell has rung, and the decks are cleared of all save those who are outward bound. There they stand, the three brave hearts, watching the shore, receding slowly and surely, as the boat steams away. There were no tears, only an agonizing look that comes back to me now, as vividly as of yesterday. Slowly and surely the distance lengthens, as the waters flow between us. I watch with straining eyes till only a speck is seen on the horizon, and then sadly and silently I turn away.

Just one more picture, and I am done. A pauper's funeral. Draw down the blinds while the sad procession passes. Slowly it wends its way through the workhouse gates, through the village streets, out into the country—to the quiet churchyard.

'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.' The earth falls on the coffin lid, and covers up the plate. Let us not seek to read the name inscribed there, only remember that the 'Lord is very merciful.'

In that distant land, under the blue Australian sky, my friend will learn that she is verily a widow and the children fatherless. Let us pray for them—that the Father of the fatherless will bless them, guide and guard them from all evil, and finally that they with us may be received into that Home where 'there is no more sorrow, nor sighing, for God himself shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.'—'Alliance News.'

Travellers' Testimony To Teetotalism.

Miss Kate Marsden, in the interesting narrative of her journey on sledge and horseback to the outcast lepers of Siberia, bears the following testimony to the advantages of total abstinence, which may well find a place with that of other more famous travellers. In the introduction of her book, she says:—'I have never taken any active part in promoting temperance principles, but now I think that the record of my exertions in Siberia, without the aid of stimulants, may prove as beneficial to others as if my own voice had been raised in furthering the cause for years past. I took no alcohol whatever throughout the journey, except on two cases of great exhaustion, when the stimulants only made me worse. I have, therefore, good ground for recommending abstinence from alcohol where much physical endurance is necessary. Humanly speaking I believe I owe my life to this abstinence.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Home Work.

How to Teach the Children.

(Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.)

By early instructions in domestic duties, the mother has taken the only way by which the child will, as she gradually grows toward maturity, learn to find real pleasure in such duties. If the instructions are given pleasantly, half playfully, just a little at a time, there will be no wearisomeness, but, after a while, much pleasure in it. As soon as the little girl sees satisfactory results springing from her small efforts, she will begin to take delight in the work, and without urging, of her own will, she will reach out after trials of her skill. So, step by step, she learns that useful work is no burden. Having been easily and pleasantly taught to do each thing perfectly, even though she may be obliged to try several times before the wished-for results are attained; once conquered, she will have no reluctance in attempting a little more.

The first attempt may be a failure, not once, or twice, but often. It would be incredible if it were not. But the gentle, loving way of a mother's teaching will prevent it from being disagreeable or a thing to shrink from trying once more. Explain in words easily comprehended by a childish mind, where and how the mistake was made and how to remedy it. Then send the little damsel off, with gentle words, to play, or for some little errand easily comprehended, and after a time let her try again. Give full and loving praise for the very smallest improvement at the next trial, and show her just how she made the advanced step. It will not take many lessons in such little duties or work as a small girl is able to perform without the slightest injury, to make her fully equal to the effort; only be very sure, no matter how often the lesson requires to be repeated, that it is perfectly learned at last. Accept no work that is only half done or carelessly gone through with. That would be an injustice to the child; but, though firm, be a patient, cheerful, smiling teacher. One will be astonished, after having succeeded in reaping satisfactory results after some mistakes, to see how far the capacity for doing is developed.

We once knew a little girl two years old, who always wanted a needle, thread and bit of cloth whenever her mother sat down to sew. The mother after a little reflection, concluded that if she took a fancy to a needle and thread, it would amuse her just as much, probably a good deal more, if she showed her how to do the work correctly—"just as well as mamma did." She had "played sew," but never yet had threaded her needle; therefore, if she wished to imitate mamma, threading the needle was the first step; and seated on her mother's lap, it was, as people often say, "as good as play" to see the little midget trying to hold the needle steadily and pass the thread through the eye. But she succeeded before she had time to get at all impatient or weary, and was so proud and excited that she wanted to try it again. But that was judiciously put off for awhile. After some time spent in play, she came of her own accord and wanted to "do some more." At the second attempt the object was easily accomplished, and then came the trial of taking the first stitch. Usually, little girls are allowed to proceed as they please, pushing the needle through regardless of how much or how little cloth is taken up. That would be easily done. But no; it must be well done. A little square of blue calico and another of white, not two inches across, were basted together; and the little one, again in her mother's lap, was shown how to take up just a little of blue and just the same of white and sew them together. Every stitch that did not come up to the exact standard was taken out, and it was several days, after many trials and mistakes, before that little square of patchwork was completed. But the second was much more quickly done, and, courage growing with success, the child decided that she could make a doll's bedspread. Her mother consent-

ed to furnish the squares all ready for sewing, but only with the distinct understanding that every stitch must be as perfectly taken as in the first square. The child was never allowed to sit long at a time over this work, and was thus kept from becoming tired and disgusted with her occupation. Her mother was looking forward to the future, and that which was but child's play for the little one was, through discreet and careful management, laying the foundation for a useful, capable woman. The doll's bedspread grew into one large enough for her own bed, before she was four years old, and under it have all her children slumbered.

Now there is nothing wonderful in this, nothing more than every little girl can be taught to do by a wise and judicious mother, who, while she will not allow an imperfect stitch, gives her instructions and points out all the mistakes and sees that they are rectified, hiding the firmness under such playful, gentle words and caresses, that amusement and instruction are closely blended. This incident is told simply to show that in all first lessons, if the child is not allowed to take the second step until the first is properly mastered, she may, even in her play, be quite unconsciously learning to perfect herself in all womanly duties, besides learning also to do it so easily that when she steps into full womanhood she will find the yoke easy and the burden light.

The Kitchen Kingdom.

Some Wise Words From an Authority on This Home Department.

Mrs. Elizabeth O. Hiller, principal of the Chicago Domestic Science Training School, and one of the leading authorities of the country on domestic science, says, in the 'Housekeeper,' that the kitchen should be made one of the most attractive rooms in every house.

The finish of the woodwork in the kitchen should be without ledge or ornamentation to catch the dust or dirt. Walls may be tiled or ceiled with hardwood, painted, covered with washable paper, or calcimined, if necessary, twice or more a year, at a small cost, and kept sweet and clean. The color is worthy of notice, also, a soft shade of green being most restful to the eyes, attractive, and therefore more preferable.

Floors may be tiled or hardwood oiled, finished with a quarter round at junction of floor and mop boards, thus closing up all cracks and crevices where vermin may lodge and become an intolerable pest. Or, if floor is old and cannot be kept clean without great waste of time and labor, it may be covered with linoleum, which may be selected in harmony with tinting of walls and shades. This is easily kept clean and is not quite so hard to stand and walk upon as either tiled or hardwood floors. The use of carpet in the kitchen cannot be defended.

Washable white sash curtains should be slipped on small brass rods and fastened securely to the window sash, that they may rise with the window, thus preventing them from falling out when raising windows. They give to the kitchen a neat and airy appearance, as well as shutting out view from passers-by.

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This excellent Cocoa main-
tains the system in robust
health, and enables it to resist
winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious
and Economical.

Tables should be hardwood, or, if old and un-
sightly, may be covered with white oilcloth,
which may save its cost in time and labor in
a very short time. This, however, necessi-
tates the use of several hardwood boards, and
asbestos mats, on which to set hot vessels
used in cooking and in cutting and prepar-
ing food, and zinc top saves all this.

The sink should be of soapstone, porcelain
lined. Whatever the material, it should not
be enclosed. Exposed plumbing, with all pipes
painted white, is the only plumbing to be
considered.

Care of Drugs and Poison.

Every little while we read of deaths due to
accidental poisoning, where the fatal dose
was administered from the wrong bottle, or
where some little one had fallen a victim to
carelessness. It cannot be too strongly urged
that medicines and drugs of all kinds should
be kept where the children cannot gain access
to them.

If no special cabinet or case can be pro-
cured for the necessary and all important
household remedies, a cupboard can be made
from a shallow box fitted with narrow shelves
and with cover fastened on with small hinges.
It should be fastened securely to the wall, out
of reach of baby fingers, a lock and key will
make it doubly safe. The one now in use in
our family is made of the case of a square
cabinet clock. The works, having fulfilled
their mission long ago, were taken out, and
the space filled in with shelves which are
deep enough to accommodate bottles of com-
mon size.

As to marking the bottles containing poi-
sons, in addition to the gruesome labels at-
tached by the druggist, we run a sharp pin
through the top of the cork, of each bottle, so
that the point protrudes above the top of the
cork, about a quarter of an inch. In this way,
the bottle is easily distinguished from the
others, even in the dark, and no mistake can
be made if ordinary care is used.—L. M. Clark,
in the 'Homestead.'

Little Things.

Trifles light as air, but how heavily they
weigh upon sensitive natures! In the pre-
sence of great sorrows, terrific and destruc-
tive of peace, the little things seem as no-
thing, but in very truth they do make or mar
the joy and gladness of human life.

A lady speaking of the trials of her days,
said: 'You don't know how annoyed I am
every day with one small thing. Cousin
Cleanthe persists in feeding the cat at the
table. I have begged and pleaded with her
to give puss her meals outside the dining-
room, but my wishes are calmly disregarded.
Madam Puss seats herself expectantly be-
side Cleanthe. She mews from time to time.
Dainty bits are handed her. The rug is spot-
ted with grease, and my temper is regularly
upset.'

Now, this was and was not a trifle. In
itself, as compared with shipwrecks, cyclones,
hurricanes and revolutions, it was a little
thing. But life is not composed of great cat-
astrophes. The mistress of any home is
within her rights when insisting that certain
rules by her making shall be observed by
all in her domain. Cousin Cleanthe in her de-
votion to her pet, and her disobedience to the

expressed wish of her hostess, was most inconsiderate, and it was this lack of consideration, which occasions the greater part of daily misery.

In some houses the whole quiet order of the day is interfered with by the continual late coming to breakfast of some person in the family who, to put it plainly, is too selfish to rise in time. Servants can not get on with their work, rooms can not be settled, and the domestic machinery is thrown out of gear by somebody, usually young and strong, who cares more for a late and lingering nap than for the comfort of the home. It behoves us, dear friends, to give more thought than we do to our dutydoing in the little things of life.—Emily Van Blarcom, in the 'Intelligencer.'

A Place for Everthing.

One of the greatest difficulties of the modern flats or furnished rooms is lack of space to put the numerous things that must accumulate. Once start out with confusion, and it will seem hard ever to create order. It is absolutely necessary to keep things in order, and to do so some things must be invented.

Bags will be found useful. Have two or three for soiled clothes. Another of different size and color can hold pieces of dress goods, etc. Smaller bags hold the small bits, only too often thrown away. These bags should be hung on heavy nails behind the door.

A soap-box neatly covered with dark muslin or paper and put in a corner, or even under the bed, will hold spare shoes and rubbers of different members of the family, which look so badly lying around.

If dresses have to hang in the room, be sure and have a curtain of muslin or calico to hang before them, both for looks and to keep them from the dust.

Bureau drawers have a great faculty of never being in order. How often have we gone all through one in a hurry, and have turned the whole contents upside down before we have found what we wanted; then have rushed off, saying, 'Oh, I will fix it later!' When does later come? I have myself done this so often, and I imagine you have too. Now I try to check myself, and stop a moment to put things back, one by one, as I search through them, and find it much less trouble.

Here are three good suggestions to learn and remember: A place for everything, even odds and ends. Put away everything as we use it. 'Could I find it again in the dark?' This last seems funny, but do you know why we have to rummage so often? It is because we forget where we put things. If we keep in mind looking for a thing in the dark, and try to think of where things go, we could say, with a young girl I know of, 'I think I could find everything of mine, even if I suddenly became blind.'—Grace Dodge.

Selected Recipes.

Apple Sherbet.—Pare six medium-sized apples (they must be mellow and nice). Mash them with a heavy spoon, and when sugar has been added to help beat them, it must be used according to the tartness of the apples. Pour over the apples one quart sweet cream flavored to taste. Freeze and allow to set a few minutes before serving.

Pumpkin Pudding.—Pare half of a large pumpkin and cut into slices; boil until quite soft; drain off all the water and beat until fine; add a pint of milk, one-third of a cup of sugar, grated peel of a small lemon, two ounces of currants, washed and picked, and three

Sure of Its Victims.

Dr. D. M. Bye, of Indianapolis, Ind., the great cancer specialist, who has cured over six thousand cases of cancer within the last 12 years with soothing, balmy oils, says that one time he selected a list of five hundred names of persons who had written to him relative to taking treatment, but who, from some cause, had neglected to do so, and wrote to them several months later inquiring after their condition. To his surprise and grief he learned that nearly twenty percent had died within five months from the time they had written their letters of inquiry. If left to itself cancer is always sure of its victim. A book on cancer sent free to those interested. Address DR. D. M. BYE CO., Drawer 105, Dept. 413, Indianapolis, Ind. (9)

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well-beaten eggs. Whip the whole together a few minutes and then turn into a dish lined with good rich paste and bake in a moderate oven.

Celery and Potato Croquettes.—To two cups of mashed and nicely seasoned potatoes add half a cup of finely chopped celery; add a tablespoonful of butter and more salt and pepper if needed, and the beaten yolk of an egg. Shape into cylinder croquettes about three inches long and an inch thick. Dip in beaten egg, then into crumbs and fry in deep hot fat until a delicate brown.

Mail Bag.

Woodstock, Ont.

Dec. 18, 1905.

Dear Sir,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for five or six years, and our scholars never seem to tire of it.

We wish you every success. Enclosed find \$5.00 for renewal of the club of twenty-five copies.

Yours respectfully,
BLANCHE L. NEWTON.

Avonmore, Ont., Dec. 19.

Dear Sirs,—I have been a reader of the 'Daily Witness' for the past fifteen years, and positively could not live without it. You are to be congratulated on your stand for the interests of our people. You are raising the standard of journalism. You are giving the public the ideal paper of this Dominion. May God bless and prosper you.

Yours truly,
(REV.) W. G. BRADFORD.

St. Andrews, East, Que., Dec. 19.

Gentlemen,—Many, many years have I faithfully perused the 'Witness' pages with the conviction that what they contained gave me the pith of the daily news, without having to discount unreliable matter. I always felt that thoughtful minds had sifted but much that would have found contradiction later on, had it been hastily published, as in many sensational sheets. Its editorials have presented an average of superiority over any daily published from Cape Breton to Vancouver, and this assertion has found endorsement by many competent judges. I consider that true friends of Canada cannot better serve its highest moral interests, than by extending the circulation of the 'Witness.' May its readers multiply indefinitely, and its influence long healthily continue.

Sincerely yours,
W. R. HIBBARD.

Osnabrock, Centre, Ont., Dec. 18.

Dear Sirs,—It is with pleasure that I join

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Cincinnati, O., Buffalo, N. Y., Atlanta, Ga., and Crossville, Wis.
Texarkana, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.

LADIES' Fancy Marooned Girdle and our Catalogue of Bargains sent free for five 2c stamps. N. SOUTHCOOT & CO., Dept. 1, London, Ont.

SHOW THIS COPY TO YOUR FRIENDS.

The 'Northern Messenger' and the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead.'

Only \$1.20 a Year.

Those who receive the 'Northern Messenger' through their Sunday-school may have the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' in addition by sending us eighty cents with the coupon on another page.

the friends of the 'Witness' in congratulations upon its Diamond Jubilee. I have been a reader of the 'Witness' since its first publication, first in my late father's home, and since 1853 I have been a subscriber for it myself, and I can assure you it has always been a welcome visitor to myself and family. May its usefulness long continue is the sincere wish of

Truly yours,
G. I. MORGAN.

SPECIAL DIAMOND JUBILEE CLUB OFFERS.

We want each reader to send us one of the clubs below.

If each reader accomplished this, and we are sure it is possible to almost everyone—then our publications would have the largest circulation of any in the Dominion, and we would make a number of improvements without delay—improvements that each reader would immediately recognize and appreciate.

Four Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' separately addressed, worth \$1.60, for only	\$1.00,	three of whom must be new subscribers.
One Subscription each to the 'Northern Messenger' and 'Daily Witness,'	worth \$3.40, for only	\$3.10
" " " " 'Northern Messenger,' 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide,'	\$2.90	\$2.20
" " " " " " " 'Weekly "	\$1.40	\$1.20
" " " " " " " 'World Wide,'	\$1.90	\$1.75

SAMPLES FREE—Agents and Club Raisers will get further information and samples on application.

NOTE. — These rates will be subject to our usual postal regulations, as follows:—POSTAGE INCLUDED for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Barbadoes, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus; also to the United States, Hawaiian Islands and Philippine Islands. POSTAGE EXTRA to all countries not named in the foregoing list, as follows: 'Daily Witness,' \$3.50 extra; 'Weekly Witness,' \$1 extra; 'Northern Messenger,' \$50 extra; 'World Wide,' subscription price, including postage to foreign countries, only \$1.50.

Note—New subscribers will get the remainder of this year free.

Note—Subscribers getting up clubs are entitled to charge full subscription rates from new subscribers and to retain the difference between these and the above club rate to cover their expenses.

Note—One's own subscription does not count in this offer because it does not require canvassing.

Note—Those working for other premiums will not benefit by these offers.

Note—To stimulate further effort, and as some will find it easy to get more than three or four subscribers, we will in addition to the foregoing remarkable offers, commencing November 15th, 1905, and until further notice, award each day to the subscriber sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for our various publications on that day,

OUR RED LETTER COLORED PLATE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.

These Bibles would appear to be good value at four dollars each.

If there should happen to be a tie for the largest amount in any given day the premium will be awarded to the one farthest away, because his remittance will have been mailed earlier than the other.

NOTE.—Sunday-School Clubs for the 'Messenger' will not count under this offer because they are not secured individually; because usually no one in particular is properly entitled to the premium; and because they are generally large, and to include them would only discourage those working up small individual lists. Neither will remittances count from news agents, from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications.

Those who prefer, instead of working on the basis of the above Club offers, may take subscriptions for any of our publications at the full rates, and we will allow a commission of twenty-five percent (one quarter) on renewal subscriptions and fifty percent (one half) on new subscriptions. But these terms are only available for those sending Five dollars or more at a time.

NOTE.—New subscribers are people who have not been readers of our publications, or who have not for at least two years lived in homes where they have been taken.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

More Jubilee Congratulations
HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Ottawa, December 19, 1905.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—May I be permitted to join in the congratulations which you are receiving upon the jubilee of the 'Witness.' The responsibilities of a public journal are not less than those of a public man. In fulfilling these, the 'Witness' has manifested, in an eminent degree, the qualities of courage and sincerity. Moreover, it has always aimed to uplift the standard of journalism in this country. I have the greatest pleasure in adding my good wishes to those of your many friends.

Yours faithfully,
R. L. BORDEN.

J. R. Dougall, Esq.,
'Witness' Office, Montreal.

8 Redpath street, Montreal,
Dec. 14, 1905.

J. R. Dougall, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I very heartily add my congratulations to the many that have been tendered to you on this jubilee occasion. My work as a minister of the Presbyterian Church has been contemporaneous with that of the 'Witness.' The sixtieth anniversary of my ordination to the work of the ministry was observed in the month of August. During all these years I have observed the course of the 'Witness,' and prized its influence. In my pastoral work I was always glad to find the

'Witness' in the homes of the people, knowing that it was calculated to tell with beneficial effect on the lives of old and young. I should be glad indeed to know of its subscription list being doubled at this epoch in its history, and I trust that for generations to come it may continue to uphold the principles of truth and right to which it has been faithful in the years that are past.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
THOMAS WARDHOPE.

480 Brock street, Kingston,
Dec. 14, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—I beg to enclose Post-office order in continuance of my subscription to the 'Daily Witness.' I congratulate you on the age of your esteemed paper, the high value of its editorials, and its faithfulness to high principle, and wishing you a good New Year.

Yours sincerely,
(REV.) JOHN FAIRLIE.

ONE-SYLLABLE SERIES

For Young Readers.

Embracing popular works arranged for the young folks in words of one syllable. Printed from extra large, clear type, on fine paper, and fully illustrated by the best artists. The hand-somest line of books for young children before the public.

Handsomely bound in cloth and gold, illuminated sides.

1. Aesop's Fables, 62 illustrations. 2. A Child's Life of Christ, 49 illustrations. 3. The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, 70 illustrations. 4. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 46 illustrations. 5. Swiss Family Robinson, 50 illustrations. 6. Gulliver's Travels, 50 illustrations. 7. A Child's Story of the Old Testament, 33 illustrations. 8. A Child's Story of the New Testament, 40 illustrations. 9. Bible Stories for Little Children, 41 illustrations. 10. The Story of Jesus, 40 illustrations.

Every subscriber sending his own subscription to the 'Northern Messenger' with two new subscriptions at 40 cents each, or \$1.20 in all, will entitle the sender to a choice of one of these most interesting books.

OUR BEST CLUB.

'Northern Messenger' and
The 'Weekly Witness' and 'Canadian Homestead.'

The above papers are sent to one address every week for only \$1.20. Try them for a year.

Those who receive the 'Northern Messenger' through their Sunday School may have the benefit of this reduced rate by remitting eighty cents and the forty cent coupon herewith making \$1.20 in all for the above papers.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
'Witness' Building, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

THIS COUPON IS WORTH FORTY CENTS
As I get the 'Northern Messenger' through my Sunday school I am entitled to this benefit of the attached club at \$1.20. I, therefore, enclose this coupon and eighty cents to secure the 'Weekly Witness' and 'Canadian Homestead' for one year and so complete my club.

NAME
ADDRESS
POST OFFICE

A FEW MOST EXCELLENT PREMIUMS

To Stimulate Activity in Greatly Extending Our Circulation.

After examining a large number of articles, we selected the following as being the most attractive and desirable Premiums that could possibly be offered. They are all such as will add to the attractiveness of the home; some by way of usefulness and beauty, others by way of joy and merriment. For instance, the game 'Din,' and our Stereoscope will be like 'bundles of joy' and 'loads of fun.' If any one member of a family got to work at once, these premiums might be easily earned one after another. How much more quickly if several members of the family started out. And the friends who subscribed for any of the 'Witness' publications, would have full value—and might be invited to enjoy the game and stereoscope, too. Other premiums will be announced next week.

New Subscribers.

When new subscribers are stipulated it means absolutely bona fide new subscribers. That is, people in whose homes the paper subscribed for has not been taken within the past two years, or whose name appears in our subscription list of two years ago. We only need to make this matter plain to have it faithfully carried out by our canvassers.

Those working for the following premiums must, of course, send full rates for each subscription—and must mark NEW or RENEWAL opposite each.

Renewals.

In all of the following offers two renewal subscriptions will be accepted instead of one new one, and one subscription to the 'Weekly Witness,' or 'World Wide,' will count as two for the 'Northern Messenger.' One reason is that renewals are not difficult to get, but the chief reason is that renewal subscriptions are our main support, and therefore we have to depend upon them.

"DIN."

The New Game DIN



Very Funny.

This is the very latest and the funniest game yet devised. It consists of eighty cards representing the animals and fowls found in a baryard.

The unique feature of the game is the mirth created by the various players in their attempts to imitate the cries of the different animals. The result is a side-splitting din. Just the game for these long winter evenings.

Full directions for playing sent with each game.

Any subscriber can have this great game of DIN free of charge who send \$1.60 for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' three of which must be new.



COLORED VIEWS, made by a special process, a combination of lithographing and half-tone work, handsomely colored in natural effects. The objects in the pictures are shown in relief—not flat like an ordinary picture—and are so natural that you imagine you are right on the scene looking at them in reality. You will take as much pleasure in showing these views to others as you do in admiring them yourself.

HERE ARE THE TWO BEST PREMIUM PROPOSITIONS WE HAVE EVER MADE.

OUTFIT NO. 1.—Consists of one best Stereoscope and 24 colored views, and will be given to those sending us \$1.60 for ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' six of which must be absolutely new subscribers. For every subscription short of required number add 25c each.

OUTFIT NO. 2.—Consists of fifty views, and our best Stereoscope will be given for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, eight of which must be new.

These Stereoscopes must not be supposed to be the cheapest kind usually peddled in the country. The cheap kind was offered us also, but we knew our subscribers would appreciate the best. The difference in price is chiefly due to the superior lenses used.

We mail to any address in Canada or United States post paid.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE SERIES.

(By J. H. WILLARD.)

handsomely bound. These Bible Stories cannot fail to stimulate in young people a desire for a further knowledge of the Scriptures.

The language is within the comprehension of youthful readers. Each story is complete by itself. The books will make attractive holiday gifts.

For three or more absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, one may select one of the following books, or

the books will all be sent to the remitter of the club, if so directed.

'The Boy Who Obeyed'—The Story of Isaac

'The Farmer'—The Story of Jacob.

'The Favorite Son'—The Story of Joseph.

'The Adopted Son'—The Story of Moses.

'The Boy General'—The Story of Joshua.

'The Boy at School'—The Story of Samuel.

'The Shepherd Boy'—The Story of David.

'The Boy Who Would be King'—The Story of Absalom.

'The Captive Boy'—The Story of Daniel.

'The Boy Jesus.'

REVERSIBLE SMYRNA RUG.

Size 2½ x 5 feet.

These Handsome Smyrna Rugs are made of the best wool dyed in fast colors and reversible, being same on both sides. They are of the popular size, 2½ x 5 feet, and are made up in Oriental Medallion and Floral Patterns. Great taste and harmony characterize the coloring. Having made a contract with the manufacturer to supply us with these Rugs at a very low price we are able to offer them on very reasonable terms. Though this Rug would be cheap at four dollars in any of the city carpet stores, we will give it away to any subscriber sending fourteen absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each. For every subscription short of the required number add 25c each. That is, if the club raiser can only get ten at 40c, he will have to send one dollar extra.

The express charges will be collected of the receiver of the Rug by the Express Company, which can be ascertained as the weight being under eight pounds.

Each new subscriber will receive in addition a copy of our '1905 in Caricature,' being a selection of about a hundred and fifty of the best cartoons on the most important events of the year.

ONE-PIECE LACE CURTAIN

With Lambrequin Throwover.

This is the very latest thing in Lace Curtains and is a decided novelty, having a Lambrequin Throwover, the entire Curtain being woven in one piece. This Curtain is strongly made, having overlook edges, while the design is of a neat and dainty floral pattern.

This unique Curtain fits one window, being 4 yards long and 60 inches wide, divided down the centre. It will at once appeal to the housewife whose attempt at artistic arrangement has often proved an unsatisfactory and trying task. Simply throw the Lambrequin top over the pole facing it outward, drape back the sides and it is complete.

One pair of these Lambrequin Curtains will be given for a club of five absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, post paid, to any address in Canada or the United States.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR CHILDREN.

This CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST, by Mr. Haskell, with an introduction by the Ven. Archbishop Farrar, D.D., for children, and its many beautiful illustrations, makes a very attractive volume. The experience of many mothers has proved that even from earliest years, the heart of childhood is capable of being moved by the 'Sweet Story of Old.'

This book has 31 illustrations, six in colors, by artists who realize that the picture is as important as the printed page, and have made this part of the book an important feature. The book measures 5½x7½ inches, and is printed from large, clear type, on an extra good quality of paper. The cover is in cloth, beautifully decorated in gold and colors, with title on the side and back, making a very attractive looking book.

We will give a copy of this beautiful book, post paid, for only three subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each.



NOTTINGHAM LACE BED SET.

Consisting of Three Pieces.

THIS VERY HANDSOME BEDROOM SET consists of one Lace Bed Spread, size 72 by 84 inches, and one pair of Lace Pillow Shams, each 34 by 34 inches. This set is a reproduction from a real Nottingham design, overlook edges, with ribbon effect, and Fleur de Lys centre.

READ OUR VERY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

The complete set, consisting of Bed Spread and Two Pillow Shams, will be sent post paid, for only Ten New Yearly Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40c each.